

No. 318
NEW SERIES

PRICE
1/6 NET.



LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

[All rights, including the right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine, are reserved.]

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

THE DOGS' HOME

HACKBRIDGE, SURREY

Under the management of the Committee of the Dogs' Home, Battersea

Dogs and Cats can be received
as boarders and Dogs from
Abroad for Quarantine

UNDER THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE REGULATIONS.

These thoroughly modern, enlarged, and up-to-date Kennels, with good, well drained exercising yards, are open free for inspection daily.

For Terms and Particulars apply—THE SECRETARY, DOGS' HOME,
HACKBRIDGE, SURREY.

EVERYBODY SMOKES

PLAYER'S "NAVY" MIXTURE

The Scientist

"The MIXTURE OF MATCHLESS MERIT."

SOLD IN THREE STRENGTHS:

WHITE LABEL - - - 10½d. per oz.
MILD AND MEDIUM - - 1/- per oz.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS,
Nottingham.



Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



Public
to an

OVIN

H.R.

THE

THE

THE

THE

PROO

THE

IRIS

THE

THE

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY.

Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s. 6d. post free to any address in the Postal Union. The Annual Subscription to Canada and Newfoundland is 20s., post free.

DECEMBER 1922.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OVINGTON'S BANK. CHAP. XL TO END. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN	641
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY AND HER WORK. BY J. GASCOIGNE... ..	673
THE GODS OF THE WALL. BY LIEUT.-COLONEL G. R. B. SPAIN, C.M.G.	680
THE MASTERS OF THE MANOR: A SHORT STORY. BY C. E. LAWRENCE	695
THE AUTHORSHIP OF A FINE SONNET. BY SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C.	704
THE PLAIN: A POEM. BY A. F. TROTTER	718
PROOF COURIER TO FAMOUS MEN. BY E. S.	719
THE TALENT WITH USURY. BY BERNARD W. HENDERSON, D.LITT.	728
IRISH SOLDIERS AND IRISH BRIGADES. BY STEPHEN GWYNN	737
THE BEGGARS OF LONDON. BY B. S. TOWNROE	750
THE DIVERSIONS OF DAWSON—II. THE MILL BY FAWLEY CREEK. BY BENNET COPPLESTONE	757

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the care of JOHN MURRAY, 50a Albemarle Street, W.1.

All Contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned when accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. MSS. cannot be delivered on personal application. Articles of a political nature are not accepted.

Every Contribution should be type-written on one side of each leaf only, and should bear the Name and Address of the Sender; a preliminary letter is not desired.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, 50a ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

P&O

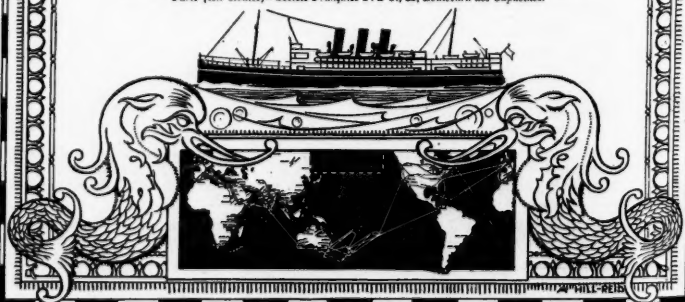
BRITISH INDIA & NEW ZEALAND Companies'

MAIL, FREIGHT & PASSENGER SERVICES

1. London and Marseilles to Bombay, Karachi and Persian Gulf.
2. London to Colombo, Madras & Calcutta.
3. London and Marseilles to Ceylon, China, Japan and Australia.
4. London and Marseilles to Port Sudan, East and South Africa.
5. London to Queensland.
6. London (cargo) and Southampton (passengers) to New Zealand and (by transhipment, passengers only) Australia (via Panama Canal).
7. United Kingdom (by any Atlantic line) via Vancouver or San Francisco to New Zealand, Australia and the South Sea Islands.
8. London (one class only, third class rates) to Australia via Cape of Good Hope.

ADDRESS:

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5.—For Passage, P. & O. House, 14-16, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1; Freight or General Business, P. & O. and B.I. Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C. 3.
B.I. Agents, Gray, Davies & Co., Ltd., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.
 No. 6.—J. B. Westray & Co., Ltd., 138, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3, or P. & O. House, as above.
 No. 7.—Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand, Ltd., P. & O. House (First Floor), 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1, and, for Vancouver Service, any Office of Canadian Pacific Railway.
 No. 8.—P. & O. Branch Line, 32, Lime Street, London, E.C. 3, or P. & O. House, as above.
Paris (All Routes)—Société Française P. & O., 41, Boulevard des Capucines.



THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1922.

OVINGTON'S BANK.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XL.

THE banker looked at the money lying at his feet. Clement looked at his father. He noted the elder man's despondent attitude, he read the lines which anxiety had deepened on his brow, and his assumed gaiety fell from him. He longed to say something that might comfort the other, but *mauvaise honte* and the reserve of years were too much for him, and instead he rapidly and succinctly told his tale, running over what had happened in London and on the road. He accounted for what he had brought, and explained why he had brought it and at whose request. Then, as the banker, lost in troubled thought, his eyes on the money, did not speak, 'It goes badly then, sir, does it?' he said. 'I see that the place is full.'

Ovington's eyes were still on the bags, and though he forced himself to speak, his tone was dull and mechanical. 'Yes,' he said. 'We paid out fifteen thousand and odd yesterday. About six thousand in odd sums to-day. I have just settled with Yapp—two thousand seven hundred. Mills and Blakeway have drawn at the counter—three thousand and fifty between them. A packet of notes from Birmingham, eleven hundred. Jenkins sent his cheque for twelve hundred by his son, but he omitted to fill in the date.'

'And you didn't pay it?'

'No, I didn't pay it. Why should I? But he will be in himself by the two o'clock coach. The only other account—large account outstanding—is Owen's for eighteen hundred. Probably he will come in by the same coach. In the meantime—' he took a slip of paper from the table—'we have notes for rather more than two thousand still out; half of these may not, for one reason or another, be presented. And payable on demand we still owe something like two or three thousand.'

'You may be called upon for another six thousand, then, sir?'

'Six at best, seven thousand or a little more at worst. And we had in the till to meet it, a quarter of an hour ago, about three thousand. We should not have had as much if Rodd had not paid in four hundred and fifty.'

'Rodd?' Clement's eyes sparkled. 'God bless him! He's a Trojan, and I shan't forget it! Bravo, Rodd!'

The banker nodded, but in a perfunctory way. 'That's the position,' he said. 'If Owen and Jenkins hold off—but there's no hope of that—we may go on till four o'clock. But if either comes in we must close. Close,' bitterly, 'for the lack of three thousand or four thousand pounds!'

Clement sighed. Young as he was, he was beginning to feel the effect of his exertions, of his double journey, and his two sleepless nights. At last, 'No one will lose, sir?' he said.

'No, no one, ultimately and directly, by us. And if we were an old bank, if we were Dean's even—' there was venom in the tone in which he uttered his rival's name '—we might resume in a week or a fortnight. We might reopen and go on. But,' shrugging his shoulders, 'we are not Dean's, and no one would trust us after this. It would be useless to resume. And, of course, the sacrifices that we have made have been very costly. We have had to rediscount bills at fifteen per cent., and sell a long line of securities at a loss, and what is left on our hands may be worth money some day, but it is worthless at present.'

'Wolley's Mill?'

'Ay, and other things. Other things.'

Clement looked at the floor, and again the longing to say something or do something that might comfort his father pressed upon him. To himself the catastrophe, save so far as it separated him from Josina, was a small thing. He had had no experience of poverty, he was young, and to begin the world at the bottom had no terrors for him. But with his father it was different, and he knew that it was different. His father had built up from nothing the edifice that now cracked and crumbled about them. He had planned it, he had seen it rise and grow, he had rejoiced in it and been proud of it. On it he had spent the force and the energy of the best twenty years of his life, and he had not now, he had no longer, the vigour or the strength to set about rebuilding.

It was a tragedy, and Clement saw that it was a tragedy. And all for the lack—pity rose strong within him—all for the lack of—

four thousand pounds. To him, conversant with the bank's transactions, it seemed a small sum. It was a small sum.

'Ay, four thousand!' his father repeated. His eyes returned mechanically to the money at his feet, returned and fixed themselves upon it. 'Though in a month we may be able to raise twice as much again! And here—here'—touching it with his foot—'is the money! All, and more than all that we need, Clement.'

Then at last Clement perceived the direction of his father's gaze, and he took the alarm. He put aside his reserve, he laid his hand gently on the elder man's shoulder, and by the pressure of his silent caress he strove to recall him to himself, he strove to prove to him that whatever happened, whatever befell, they were one—father and son, united inseparably by fortune. But aloud, 'No!' he said firmly. 'Not that, sir! I have given my word. And besides—'

'He would be no loser.'

'No, we should be the losers.'

'But—but it was not we, it was Bourdillon, lad!'

'Ay, it was Bourdillon. And we are not Bourdillon! Not yet! Nor ever, sir!'

Ovington turned away. His hand shook, the papers that he affected to put together on his desk rustled in his grasp. He knew—knew well that his son was right. But how great was the temptation! There lay the money at his feet, and he was sure that he could not be called to account for it. There lay the money that would gain the necessary time, that would meet all claims, that would save the bank!

True, it was not his, but how great was the temptation. It was so great that what might have happened had Clement not been there, had he stood there alone and unfettered, it is impossible to say—though the man was honest. For it was easy, nothing was more easy, than to argue that the bank would be saved and no man, not even the Squire, would lose. It was so great a temptation, and the lower course appeared so plausible that four men out of five, men of average honesty and good faith, might have fallen.

Fortunately the habit of business integrity came to the rescue, and reinforced and supported the son's argument—and the battle was won. 'You are right,' the banker said huskily, his face still averted, his hands trembling among the papers. 'But take it away! For God's sake, boy, take it away! Take it out of my sight, or I do not know what I may do!'

'You'll do the right thing, sir, never fear!' the son answered confidently. And with an effort he lifted the two heavy bags and moved towards the door. But on the threshold and as the door closed behind him, 'Thank God!' he whispered to himself, 'Thank God!' And to Betty, who met him in the hall and flung her arms about his neck—the girl was in tears, for the shadow of anxiety hung over the whole house, and even the panic-stricken maids were listening on the stairs or peering from the windows—'Take care of him, Betty,' he said, his eyes shining. 'Take care of him, girl. I shall be back by one o'clock. If I could stay with him now I would, but I cannot. I cannot! And don't fret. It will come right yet!'

'Oh, poor father!' she cried. 'Is there no hope, Clement?'

'Very little. But worse things have happened. And we may be proud of him, Betty. We've good cause to be proud of him. I say it that know! Cheer up!'

She watched him go with his heavy burden and his blunt common-sense down the garden walk; and when he had disappeared behind the pear-tree espaliers she went back to listen outside the parlour door. She had been her father's pet. He had treated her with an indulgence and a familiarity rare in those days of parental strictness, and she understood him well, better than others, better even than Clement. She knew what failure would mean to him. It was not the loss of wealth which would wound him most sorely, though he would feel that; but the loss of the position which success had gained for him in the little world in which he lived, and lived somewhat aloof. He had been thought, and he had thought himself, cleverer than his neighbours. He had borne himself as one belonging to, and destined for, a wider sphere. He had met the pride of the better-born and the older-established with a greater pride; and believing in his star, he had allowed his contempt for others and his superiority to be a little too clearly seen.

For all this he would now pay, and his pride would suffer. Betty, lingering in the darker part of the hall, where the servants could not spy on her, listened and longed to go in to him and comfort him. But all the rules forbade this, she might not distract him at such a time. Yet, had she known how deep was his depression as he sat sunk in his chair, had she known how the past mocked him, and the long chain of his successes rose and derided him, how the mirage of long-cherished hopes melted

and left all cold before him—had she guessed the full bitterness of his spirit, she had broken through every rule and gone in to him.

The self-made man! Proudly, disdainfully he had flung the taunt back in men's faces. Could they make, could they have made themselves, as he had? And now the self-ruined man! He sat thinking of it, and the minutes went by. Twice one of the clerks came in and silently placed a slip beside him and went softly out. He looked at the slip, but without taking in its meaning. What did it matter whether a few more or a few less pounds had been drawn out, whether the drain had waxed or waned in the last quarter of an hour? The end was certain, and it would come when the two men arrived on the Chester coach. Then he would have to bestir himself. Then he would have to resume the lead and play the man, give back hardness for hardness and scorn for scorn, and bear himself so in defeat that no man should pity him. And he knew that he could do it. He knew that when the time came his voice would be firm and his face would be granite, and that he would pronounce his own sentence and declare the bank closed with a high head. He knew that even in defeat he could so clothe himself with power that no man should browbeat him.

But in the meantime he paid his debt to weakness, and sat brooding on the past, rather than preparing for the future; and time passed, the relentless hand moved round the clock. Twice the clerk came in with his doom-bearing slips, and presently Rodd appeared. But the cashier had nothing to say that the banker did not know. Ovington took the paper and looked at the figures and at the total, but all he said was, 'Let me know when Owen and Jenkins come.'

'Very good, sir.' Rodd lingered a moment as if he would gladly have added something, would have ventured, perhaps, some word of sympathy. But his courage failed him and he went out.

Nor when Clement, half an hour afterwards, returned from his mission to Garth did he give any sign. Clement laid his hand on his shoulder and said a cheery word, but, getting no answer, or as good as none, he went through to his desk. A moment later his voice could be heard rallying a too conscious customer, greeting another with contemptuous good humour, bringing into the close, heated atmosphere of the bank, where men breathed heavily, snapped at one another, and shuffled their feet, a gust of freer, brisker air.

Another half-hour passed. A clerk brought in a slip. The banker looked at it. No more than seven hundred pounds remained in the till. 'Very good,' he said. 'Let me know when Mr. Owen and Mr. Jenkins come.' And as the door closed behind the lad he fell back into his old posture of depression. There was nothing to be done.

But five minutes later Clement looked in, his face concerned. 'Sir Charles Woosenham is here,' he said in a low voice. 'He is asking for you.'

The banker roused himself. The call was not unexpected nor quite unwelcome. 'Show him in,' he said; and he took up a pen and drew a sheet of paper towards him that he might appear to be employing himself.

Sir Charles came in, tall, stooping a little, his curly-brimmed hat in his hand; the dignified bearing with which he was wont to fence himself against the roughness of the outer world a little less noticeable than usual. He was a gentleman, and he did not like his errand.

Ovington rose. 'Good morning, Sir Charles,' he said, 'you wanted to see me? I am unfortunately busy this morning, but I can give you ten minutes. What is it, may I ask?' He pushed a chair toward his visitor.

But Woosenham would not sit down. If the man was down he hated to—but, there, he had come to do it. 'I am sure it is all right, Mr. Ovington,' he said awkwardly, 'but I am concerned about the—about the Railway money, in fact. The sum is large, and—and—' stammering a little—'but I think you will understand my position?'

The banker smiled. 'You wish to know if it's safe?' he said.

'Well, yes—precisely,' with relief. 'You'll forgive me, I am sure. But people are talking.'

'They are doing more,' Ovington answered austere—he no longer smiled. 'They are doing their best to ruin me, Sir Charles, and to plunge themselves into loss. But I need not go into that. You are anxious about the Railroad money? Very good.' He rang the bell and the clerk came in. 'Go to the strong-room,' the banker said, taking some keys from the table, 'with Mr. Clement, and bring me the box with the Railway Trust.'

'I am sorry,' Sir Charles said, when they were alone, 'to trouble you at this time, but—'

Ovington stopped him. 'You are perfectly in order,' he said.

'Indeed, I am glad you have come. The box will be here in a minute.'

Clement brought it in, and Ovington took another key and unlocked it. 'It is all here,' he explained, 'except the small sum already expended in preliminary costs—the sum passed, as you will remember, at the last meeting of the Board. Here it is.' He took a paper which lay on the top of the contents of the box. 'Except four hundred and ten pounds, ten shillings. The rest is invested in Treasury Bills until required. The bills are here, and Clement will check them with you, Sir Charles, while I finish this letter. We have, of course, treated this as a Trust Fund, and I think that the better course will be for you to affix your seal to the box when you have verified the contents.'

He turned to his letter, though it may be doubted whether he knew what he was writing, while Sir Charles and Clement went through the box, verified the securities, and finally sealed the box. That done, Woosenham would have offered fresh apologies, but the banker waved them aside and bowed him out, directing Clement to see him to the door.

That done, left alone once more, he sat thinking. The incident had roused him and he felt the better for it. He had been able to assert himself, and he had confirmed in goodwill a man who might yet be of use to him. But he was not left alone very long. Sir Charles had not been gone five minutes before Rodd thrust a pale face in at the door, and in an agitated whisper informed him that Owen and Jenkins were coming down the High Street. A scout whom the cashier had sent out had seen them and run ahead with the news. 'They'll be here in two minutes, sir,' Rodd added in a tone which betrayed his dismay. 'What am I to do? Will you see them, sir?'

'Certainly,' Ovington answered. 'Show them in as soon as they arrive.'

He spoke firmly, and made a brave show in Rodd's eyes. But he knew that up to this moment he had retained a grain of hope, a feeling, vague and baseless, that something might yet happen, something might yet occur at the last moment to save the bank. Well, it had not, and he must steel himself to face the worst. The crisis had come and he must meet it like a man. He rose from his chair and stood waiting, a little paler than usual, but composed and master of himself.

He heard the disturbance that the arrival of the two men caused

in the bank. Someone spoke in a harsh and peremptory tone, and something like an altercation followed. Raised voices reached him, and Rodd's answer, civil and propitiatory, came, imperfectly, to his ear. The peremptory voice rose anew, louder than before, and the banker's face grew hard as he listened. Did they think to browbeat him? Did they think to bully him? If so, he would soon—but they were coming. He caught the sound of the counter as Rodd raised it for the visitors to pass, and the advance of feet, slowly moving across the floor. He fixed his eyes on the door, all the manhood in him called up to meet the occasion.

The door was thrown open, widely open, but for a moment the banker could not see who stood in the shadow of the doorway. Two men, certainly, and Rodd at their elbow, hovering behind them; and they must be Owen and Jenkins, though Rodd, to be sure, should have had the sense to send in one at a time. Then it broke upon the banker that they were not Owen and Jenkins. They were bigger men, differently dressed, of another class; and he stared. For the taller of the two, advancing slowly on the other's arm, and feeling his way with his stick, was Squire Griffin, and his companion was no other than Sir Charles, mysteriously come back again.

Prepared for that which he had foreseen, Ovington was unprepared for this, and the old man, still feeling on his unguarded side with his stick, was the first to speak. 'Give me a chair,' he grunted. 'Is he here, Woosenham?'

'Yes,' Woosenham said, 'Mr. Ovington is here.'

'Then let me sit down.' And as Sir Charles let him down with care into the chair which the astonished banker hastened to push forward, 'Umph!' he muttered, as he settled himself and uncovered his head. 'Tell my man'—this to Rodd—'to bring in that stuff when I send for it. Do you hear? You there? Tell him to bring it in when I bid him.' Then he turned himself to the banker, who all this time had not found a word to say, and indeed had not a notion what was coming. He could only suppose that the Squire had somehow revived Woosenham's fears, in which case he should certainly, Squire or no Squire, hear some home truths. 'You're surprised to see me?' the old man said.

'Well, I am, Mr. Griffin. Yes.'

'Ay,' drily. 'Well, I am surprised myself, if it comes to that. I didn't think to be ever in this room again. But here I am, none the less. And come on business.'

The banker's eyes grew hard. 'If it is about the Railroad moneys,' he said, 'and Sir Charles is not satisfied——'

'It's none of his business. Naught to do with the Railroad,' the Squire answered. Then sharply, 'Where's my nephew? Is he here?'

'No, he is not at the bank to-day.'

'No? Well, he never should ha' been! And so I told him and told you. But you would both have your own way, and you know what's come of it. Hallo!' breaking off suddenly, and turning his head, for his hearing was still good. 'What's that? Ain't we alone?'

'One moment,' Ovington said. Rodd had tapped at the door and put in his head.

The cashier looked at the banker, over the visitors' heads. 'Mr. Owen and Mr. Jenkins are here,' he said in a low tone. 'They wish to see you. I said you were engaged, sir, but——' his face made the rest of the sentence clear.

Ovington reddened, but retained his presence of mind. 'They can see me in ten minutes,' he said, coldly. 'Tell them so.'

But Rodd only came a little farther into the room. 'I am afraid,' he said, dropping his voice. 'they won't wait, sir. They are——'

'Wait?' The word came from the Squire. He shot it out so suddenly that the cashier started. 'Wait? Why, hang their infernal impudence,' wrathfully, 'do they think their business must come before everybody's? Jenkins? Is that little Jenkins—Tom Jenkins of the Hollies?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then d—n his impudence!' the old man burst forth again in a voice that must have wellnigh reached the street. 'Little Tom Jenkins, whose grandfather was my foot-boy, coming and interrupting my business! God bless my soul and body, the world is turned upside-down nowadays. Fine times we live in! Little—but, hark you, sirrah, d'you go and tell him to go to the devil! And shut the door, man! Shut the door!'

'Tell them I will see them in ten minutes,' said the banker.

But the old man was still unappeased. 'That's what we're coming to, is it?' he fumed. 'Confound their impudence,' wiping his brow, 'and they've put me out, too! I dunno where I was. Is the door closed? Oh, 'bout my nephew! I didn't wish it, I've said that, and I've said it often, but he's in. He's in with

you, banker, and he's lugged me in! For, loth as I am to see him in it, I'm still lother that any one o' my name or my blood should be pointed at as the man that's lost the countryside their money! Trade's bad, out of its place. But trade that fails at other folks' cost and ruins a sight of people who, true or false, will say they've been swindled——'

'Stop!' the banker could bear it no longer, and he stepped forward, his face pale. 'No one has been swindled here! No one has been robbed of his money. No one—if it will relieve your feelings to know it, Mr. Griffin—will lose by the bank in the end. I shall pay all demands within a few weeks at most.'

'Can you pay 'em all to-day?' asked the Squire, at his driest.

'It may be that I cannot. But every man to whom the bank owes a penny will receive twenty shillings in the pound and interest, within a few weeks—or months.'

'And who will be the loser, then, if the bank closes? Who'll lose, man?'

'The bank. No one else.'

'But you can't pay 'em to-day, banker?'

'That may be.'

'How much will clear you? To pay 'em all down on the nail,' truculently, 'and tell 'em all to go and be hanged? Eh? How much do you need for that?'

Ovington opened his mouth, but for a moment, overpowered by the emotions that set his temples throbbing, he could not speak. He stared at the gaunt, stooping figure in the chair—the stooping figure in the shabby old riding-coat with the huge plated buttons that had weathered a dozen winters—and though hope sprang up in him, he doubted. The man might be playing with him. Or, he might not mean what he seemed to mean. There might be some mistake. At last, 'Five thousand pounds would pull us through,' he said in a voice that sounded strange to himself, 'as it turns out.'

'You'd better take ten,' the Squire answered. 'There,' fumbling in his inner pocket and extracting with effort a thick packet, 'count five out of that. And there's five in gold that my man will bring in. D'you give me a note for ten thousand at six months—five per cent.'

'Mr. Griffin——'

'There, no words!' testily. 'It ain't for you I'm doing it, man. Understand that! It ain't for you. It's for my name

and my nephew, little as he deserves it! Count it out, count it out, and give me back the balance, and let's be done with it.'

Ovington hesitated, his heart full, his hands trembling. He was not himself. He looked at Woosenham. 'Perhaps, Sir Charles,' he said unsteadily, 'will be good enough to check the amount with me!'

'Pshaw, man, if I didn't think you honest I shouldn't be here, whether or no. No such fool! I satisfied myself of that, you may be sure, before I came in. Count it yourself. And there! Bid 'em bring in the gold.'

The banker rang the bell and gave the order. He counted the notes, and by the time he had finished, the bags had been brought in. 'You'll ha' to take that uncounted,' the Squire said, as he heard them set down on the floor, 'as I took it myself.'

'My son will have seen to that,' Ovington replied. He was a little more like himself now. He sat down and wrote out the note, though his hand shook.

'Ay,' the Squire agreed, 'I'm thinking he will have.' And turning his head towards Woosenham, 'He's a rum chap, that,' he continued, with a chuckle and speaking as if the banker were not present. 'He gave me a talking-to—me! D'you know that he got to London in sixteen hours, in the night-time?'

'Did he, by Jove! Our friend at Halston could hardly have beaten that.'

'And nothing staged either! Railroads!' scornfully. 'D'you think there's any need o' railroads when a man can do that? Or that any railroad that's ever made will beat that? Sixteen hours, by George, a hundred and fifty-one miles in the night-time!'

Sir Charles, who had been an astonished spectator of the scene, gave a qualified assent, and by that time Ovington was ready with his note. The Squire pouched it with care, but cut short his thanks. 'I've told you why I do it,' he said gruffly. 'And now I'm tired and I'll be getting home. Give me your arm, Woosenham. But as we pass I've a word to say to that little joker in the bank.'

He had his word, and a strange scene it was. The two great men stood within the counter, the old man bending his hawk-like face and sightless eyes on the quailing group beyond it, while the clerks looked on, half in awe and half in amusement. 'Fools!' said the Squire in his harshest tone. 'Fools, all of ye! Cutting your own throats and tearing the bottom out of your own money-bags! That's what ye be doing! And you, Tom Jenkins, and

you, Owen, that should know better, first among 'em! You haven't the sense to see a yard before you, but elbow one another into the ditch like a pair of blind horses! You deserve to be ruined, every man of you, and it's no fault o' yourn that you're not! Business men? You call yourselves business men, and run on a bank as if all the money was kept in a box under the counter ready to pay you! Go home! Go home!' poking at them with his stick. 'And thank God the banker has more sense than you, and a sight more money than your tuppenny ha'penny accounts run to! Damme, if I were master here, if one single one o' you should cross my door again! But there, take me out, Woosenham; take me out! Pack o' fools! Pack o' dumb fools, they are!'

The two marched out with that, but the Squire's words ran up and down the town like wild-fire. What he had said and how he had said it, and the figure little Tom Jenkins of the Hollies had cut, was known as far as the Castle Foregate before the old man had well set his foot on the step of his carriage. The crowd standing about Sir Charles's four bays in the Market Place and respectfully gazing on the postillions' yellow jackets had it within two minutes. Within four it was known at the Gullet that the old Squire was supporting the bank, and had given Welsh Owen such a talking-to as never was. Within ten, the news was being bandied up and down the long yard at the Lion, where they stabled a hundred horses, and was known even to the charwomen who, on their knees, were scrubbing the floors of the Assembly Rooms that looked down on the yard. Dean's, at which a persistent and provoking run had been prosecuted since morning, got it among the first; and Mr. Dean, testy and snappish enough before, became for the rest of the day a terror and a thunder-cloud to the junior clerks. Nay, the news soon passed beyond Aldersbury, for the three o'clock up-coach swept it away and dropped it with various parcels and hampers at every stage between the Falcon at Heygate and Wolverhampton. Not a turnpike man but heard it and spread it, and at the Cock at Wellington they gave it to the down-coach, which carried it back to Aldersbury.

Owen, it was known, had drawn his money. But Jenkins had thought better of it. He had gone out of the bank with his cheque in his hand, and had torn it up *coram publico* in the roadway; and from that moment the run, its force already exhausted, had ceased. Half an hour later he would have been held a fool who looked twice at an Ovington note, or distrusted a bank into which.

rumour had it, gold had been carried by the sackful. Had not the Bank of England sent down a special messenger bearing unstinted credit? And had not the old Squire of Garth, the closest, stingiest, shrewdest man in the county, paid in thirty, forty, fifty thousand pounds and declared that he would sell every acre before the bank should fail? Before night a dozen men were considering ruefully the thing that they had done or pondering how they might, with the least loss of dignity, undo it. Before morning twice as many wives had told their husbands what they thought of them, and reminded them that they had always said how it would be—only they were never listened to!

At the Gullet in the Shut off the Market Place, where the tap never ceased running that evening, and half of the trade of the town pressed in to eat liver and bacon, there was no longer any talk of Boulogne. All the talk ran the other way. The drawers of the day were the butts of the evening, and were bantered and teased unmercifully. Their friends would not be in their shoes for a trifle—not they! They had cooked their goose with a vengeance—no more golden eggs for them! And very noticeable was it that whenever the banker's name came up, voices dropped and heads came together. His luck, his power, his resources were discussed with awe and in whispers. There were not a few thoughtful faces at the board, and here and there were appetites that failed, though the suppers served in the dingy low-ceiled room at the Gullet, dark even at noon-day, were famous for their savouriness.

.

Very different was the scene inside the bank. At the counter, indeed, discipline failed the moment the door fell to behind the last customer. The clerks sprang to their feet, cheered, danced a dance of triumph, struck a hundred attitudes of scorn and defiance. They cracked silly jokes, and flung paper darts at the public side; they repaid by every kind of monkey trick the alarms and exertions from which they had suffered during three days. They roared 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?' in tones of derision that reached the street. They challenged the public to come on—to come on and be hanged! They ceased to make a noise only when breath failed them.

But in the parlour, whither Clement, followed after a moment's hesitation by Rodd, had hastened to join and to congratulate his father, there was nothing of this. The danger had been too pressing, the margin of safety too narrow to admit of loud rejoicing. The

three met like shipwrecked mariners drawn more closely together by the ordeal through which they had passed, like men still shaken by the buffeting of the waves. They were quiet, as men amazed to find themselves alive. The banker, in particular, sat sunk in his chair, overcome as much by the scene through which he had passed as by a relief too deep for words. For he knew that it was by no art of his own, and through no resources of his own that he survived, and his usual self-confidence, and with it his aplomb, had deserted him. In a room vibrating with emotion they gazed at one another in thankful silence, and it was only after a long interval that the older man let his thoughts appear. Then 'Thank God!' he said unsteadily; 'and you, Clement! God bless you! If we owe this to anyone we owe it to you, my boy! If you had not been beside me, God knows what I might not have done!'

'Pooh, pooh, sir,' Clement said; yet he did but disguise deep feeling under a mask of lightness. 'You don't do yourself justice. And for the matter of that, if we have to thank anyone, it is Rodd, here.' He clapped the cashier on the shoulder with an intimacy that brought a spark to Rodd's eyes. 'He's not only stuck to it like a man, but if he had not paid in his four hundred and fifty——'

'No, no, sir, we weren't drawn down to that—quite.'

'We were mighty near it, my lad. And easily might have been.'

'Yes,' said the banker; 'we shall not forget it, Rodd. But, after all,' with a faint smile, 'it's Bourdillon we have to thank.' And he explained the motives which, on the surface at least, had moved the Squire to intervene. 'If I had not taken Bourdillon in when I did——'

'Just so,' Clement assented drily. 'And if Bourdillon had not——'

'Umph! Yes. But—where is he? Do you know?'

'I don't. He may be at his rooms, or he may have ridden out to his mother's. I'll look round presently, and if he is not in town I'll go out and tell him the news.'

'You didn't quarrel?'

Clement shrugged his shoulders. 'Not more than we can make up,' he said lightly, 'if it is to his interest.'

The banker moved uneasily in his chair. 'What is to be done about him?' he asked.

'I think, sir, that that's for the Squire. Let us leave it to him. It's his business. And now—come! Has anyone told Betty?'

The banker rose, conscience-stricken. 'No, poor girl, and she must be anxious. I quite forgot,' he said.

'Unless Rodd has,' Clement replied, with a queer look at his father. For Rodd had vanished while they were talking of Arthur, whom it was noteworthy that neither of them now called by his Christian name.

'We'll go and tell her,' said Ovington, reverting to his everyday tone. And he turned briskly to the door which led into the house. He opened it, and was crossing the hall, followed by Clement, who was anxious to relieve his sister's mind, when both came to a sudden stand. The banker uttered an exclamation of astonishment—and so did Betty. For Rodd, he melted with extraordinary rapidity through a convenient door, while Clement, the only one of the four who was not taken completely by surprise, laughed softly.

'Betty!' her father cried sternly. 'What is the meaning of this?'

'Well, I thought—you would know,' said Betty, blushing furiously. 'I think it's pretty plain.' Then, throwing her arms round her father's neck, 'Oh, father, I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad!'

'But that's an odd way of showing it, my dear.'

'Oh, he quite understands. In fact'—still hiding her face—'we've come to an understanding, father. And we want you'—half laughing and half crying—'to witness it.'

'I'm afraid I did witness it,' gravely.

'But you're not going to be angry? Not to-day? Not to-day, father?' And in a small voice, 'He stood by you. You know how he stood by you. And you said you'd never forget it.'

'But I didn't say that I should give him my daughter.'

'No, father; she gave herself.'

'Well, there!' He freed himself from her. 'That's enough now, girl. We'll talk about it another time. But I'm not pleased, Betty.'

'No?' said Betty, gaily, but dabbing her eyes at the same time. 'He said that. He said that you would not be pleased. He was dreadfully afraid of you. And I said you wouldn't be pleased, too. But——'

'Eh?'

'I said you'd come to it, father, by and by. In good time.'

'Well, I'm——' But what the banker was, was lost in the peal of laughter that Clement could no longer restrain.

CHAPTER XLI.

CONCLUSION.

ARTHUR, after he had dropped from the post-chaise that morning, did not at once move away. He stood on the crown of the East Bridge, looking down the river, and the turmoil of his feelings was such as for a time to render thought of the future impossible, and even to hold despair at bay. The certainty that his plan would have succeeded if it had not been thwarted by the very persons who would have profited by it, and the knowledge that but for their scruples all that he had at stake in the bank would have been saved—this certainty and this knowledge, with the fact that while they left him to bear the obloquy they had denied him the prize, so maddened him that for a full minute he stood, grasping the stone balustrade of the bridge, and whispering curses at the current that flowed smoothly below.

The sunshine and the fair scene did but mock him. The green meadows, and the winding river, and the crescent of stately buildings, spire-crowned, that, curving with the stream, looked down upon it from the site of the ancient walls, did but deride his misery. For, how many a time had he stood on that spot and looked on that scene in days when he had been happy and care-free, his future as sunny as the landscape before him! And now—oh, the cowards! The cowards, who had not had the courage even to pick up the fruit which his daring had shaken from the bough.

Ay, his daring and his enterprise! For what else was it? What had he done, after all, at which they need make mouths? It had been but a loan he had taken, the use for a few weeks of money which was useless where it lay, and of which not a penny would be lost! And again he cursed the weakness of those who had rendered futile all that he, the bolder spirit, had done, who had consigned themselves and him to failure and to beggary. He had bought their safety at his own cost, and they had declined to be saved. He shook with rage, with impotent rage, as he thought of it.

Presently a man passing over the bridge looked curiously at him, paused and went on again, and the incident recalled him to himself. He remembered that he was in a place where

all knew him, where his movements and his looks would be observed, where every second person who saw him would wonder why he was not at the bank. He must be going. He composed his face and walked on.

But whither? The question smote him with a strange and chilly sense of loneliness. Whither? To the bank certainly, if he had courage, where the battle was even now joined. He might fling himself into the fray, play his part as if nothing had happened, smile with the best, ignore what he had done and, if challenged, face it down. And there had been a time when he could have done this. There had been a time, when Clement had first alighted on him in town, when he had decided with himself to play that rôle, and had believed that he could carry it off with a smiling face. And now, now, as then, he maintained that he had done nothing that the end did not justify, since the means could harm no one.

But at that time he had believed that he could count on the complicity of others, he had believed that they would at least accept the thing that he had done and throw in their lot with his, and the failure of that belief, brag as he might, affected him. It had sapped his faith in his own standards. The view Clement had taken had slowly but surely eclipsed his view, until now, when he must face the bank with a smile, he could not muster up the smile. He began to see that he had committed not a crime but a blunder. He had been found out!

He walked more and more slowly, and when he came, some eighty yards from the bridge and at the foot of the Cop, to a lane on his left which led by an obscure short-cut to his rooms, he turned into it. He did not tell himself that he was not going to the bank. He told himself that he must change his clothes, and wash, and eat something before he could face people. That was all.

He reached his lodgings, beneath the shadow of an old tower that looked over the meadows to the river, without encountering anyone. He even stole upstairs, unseen by his landlady, and found the fire alight in his sitting-room, and some part of a meal laid ready on the table. He washed his hands and ate and drank, but instinctively, as he did so, he hushed his movements and trod softly. When he had finished his meal he stood for a moment, his eyes on the door, hesitating. Should he or should he not go to the bank? He knew that he ought to go. But the wear and tear of three days of labour and excitement, during which he had

hardly slept as many hours, had lowered his vitality and sapped his will, and the effort required was now too much for him. With a sigh of relief he threw up the sponge, he owned himself beaten. He sank into a chair and, moody and inert, he sat gazing at the fire. He was very weary, and presently his eyes closed, and he slept.

Two hours later his landlady discovered him, and the cry which she uttered in her astonishment awoke him. 'Mercy on us!' she exclaimed. 'You here, sir! And I never heard a sound, and no notion you were come! But I was expecting you, Mr. Bourdillon. "He won't be long," I says to myself, "now that that plaguy bank's gone and closed—worse luck to it!"'

'Closed, has it?' he said, dully.

'Ay, to be sure, this hour past.' Which of course was not true, but many things that were not true were being said in Aldersbury that day. 'And nothing else to be expected, I am told, though there's nobody blames you, sir. You can't put old heads on young shoulders, asking your pardon, sir, as I said to Mrs. Brown no more than an hour ago. It was her Johnny told me—he came that way from school and stopped to look. Such a sight of people on Bride Hill, he said, as he never saw in his life, 'cept on Show Day, and the shutters going up just as he came away.'

He did not doubt the story—he knew that there was no other end to be expected. 'I am only just from London,' he said, feeling that some explanation of his ignorance was necessary. 'I had no sleep last night, Mrs. Bowles, and I sat down for a moment, and I suppose I fell asleep in my chair.'

'Indeed, and no wonder. From London, to be sure! Can I bring you anything up, sir?'

'No, thank you, Mrs. Bowles. I shall have to go out presently, and until I go out, don't let me be disturbed. I'm not at home if anyone calls. You understand?'

'I understand, sir.' And on the stairs, as she descended, a pile of plates and dishes in her arms, 'Poor young gentleman,' she murmured, 'it's done him no good. And some in my place would be thinking of their bill. But his people will see me paid. That's where the gentry come in—they're never the losers, whoever fails.'

For a few minutes after she had retired he dawdled about the room, staring through the window without seeing anything, revolving the news, and telling himself, but no longer with passion, that the game was played out. And gradually the idea of flight

grew upon him, and the longing to be in some place where he could hide his head, where he might let himself go and pity himself unwatched. Had his pockets been full he would have returned to London and lost himself in its crowds, and presently, he thought—for he still believed in himself—he would have shown the world what he could do.

But he had spent his loose cash on the journey, he was almost without money, and instinct as well as necessity turned his thoughts towards his mother. The notion once accepted grew upon him, and he longed to be at the Cottage. He felt that there he might be quiet, that there no one would watch him, and stealthily—on fire to be gone now that he had made up his mind—he sought for his hat and coat and let himself out of the house.

There was no one in sight, and descending from the Town Wall by some steps, he crossed the meadows to the river. He passed the water by a ferry, and skirting the foot of the rising ground on the other side, he presently struck into the Garthmyle road a little beyond the West Bridge.

He trudged along the road, his hat drawn down to his eyes, his shoulders humped, his gaze fixed doggedly on the road before him. He marched as men march who have had the worst of the battle, yet whom it would be unwise to pursue too closely. At first he walked rapidly, taking where he could a by-path, or a short-cut, and though the hills, rising from the plain before him, were fair to see on this fine winter day, as the sun began to decline and redden their slopes, he had no eye for them or for the few whom he met, the road-man, or the carter, who, plodding beside his load of turnips or manure, looked up and saluted him.

But when he had left the town two or three miles behind he breathed more freely. He lessened his pace. Presently he heard on the road behind him the clip-clop of a trotting horse, and not wishing to be recognised, he slipped into the mouth of a lane, and by and by he saw Clement Ovington ride by. He flung a vicious curse after him, and returning to the road he went on more slowly, chewing the sour cud of reflection, until he came to the low sedgy tract where the Squire had met with his misadventure, and where in earlier days the old man had many a time heard the bittern's note.

He was in no hurry now, for he did not mean to reach the Cottage until Clement had left it, and he stood leaning against the old thorn tree, viewing the place and thinking bitterly of the then and the now. And presently a spark of hope was kindled

in him. Surely all was not lost—even now! The Squire was angry—angry for the moment, and with reason. But could he maintain his anger against one who had saved his life at the risk of his own? Could he refuse to pardon one, but for whom he would be already lying in his grave? With a quick uplifting of the spirit Arthur conceived that the Squire could not. No man could be so thankless, so unmindful of a benefit, so ungrateful.

Strange, that he had not thought of that before! Strange—that under the pressure of difficulties he had let that claim slip from his mind. It had restored him to his uncle's favour once. Why should it not restore him a second time? Properly handled—and he thought that he could trust himself to handle it properly—it should avail him. Let him once get speech of his uncle, and surely he could depend on his own dexterity for the rest.

Hope awoke in him, and confidence. He squared his shoulders, he threw back his head, he strode on, he became once more the jaunty, gallant, handsome young fellow, whom women's eyes were wont to follow as he passed through the streets. But, steady, not so fast. There was still room for management. He had no mind to meet Clement, whom he hated for his interference, and he went a little out of the way, until he had seen him pass by on his return journey. Then he went on. But it was now late, and the murmur of the river came up from shadowy depths, the squat tower of the church was beginning to blend with the dark sky, lights shone from the cottage doors, when he passed over the bridge. He hastened on through the dusk, opened the garden-gate, and saw his mother standing in the lighted doorway. She had missed Clement, but had gathered from the servant who had seen him that Arthur might be expected at any moment, and she had come to the door with a shawl about her head, that she might be on the look-out for him.

Poor Mrs. Bourdillon! She had passed a miserable day. She had her own—her private grounds for anxiety on Arthur's account, and that anxiety had been strengthened by her last talk with Josina. She was sure that something was wrong with him, and this had so weighed on her spirits and engrossed her thoughts, that the danger that menaced the bank and her little fortune had not at first disturbed her. But as the tale of village gossip grew, and the rumours of disaster became more insistent, she had been forced to listen, and her fears once aroused, she had not been slow to awake to her position. Gradually Arthur's absence and her

misgivings on his account had taken the second place. The prospect of ruin, of losing her all and becoming dependent on the Squire's niggard bounty, had closed her mind to other terrors.

So at noon on this day, unable to bear her thoughts alone, she had walked across the fields and seen Josina. But Josina had not been able to reassure her. The girl had said as little as might be about Arthur, and on the subject of the bank was herself so despondent that she had no comfort for another. The Squire had gone to town—for the first time since he had been laid up—in company with Sir Charles, and Josina fancied that it might be upon the bank business. But she hardly dared to hope that good could come of it, and Mrs. Bourdillon, who flattered herself that she knew the Squire, had no hope. She had returned from Garth more wretched than she had gone, and had she been a much wiser woman than she was, she would have found it hard to meet her son with tact.

When she heard his footsteps on the road, 'Is it you?' she cried. And as he came forward into the light, 'Oh, Arthur!' she wailed, 'what have you brought us to? What have you done? And the times and times I've warned you! Didn't I tell you that those Ovingtons——'

'Well, come in now, mother,' he said. He stooped and kissed her on the forehead. He was very patient with her—let it be said to his credit.

'But, oh dear, dear!' She had lost control of herself and could not stay her complaints if she would. 'You would have your way! And you see what has come of it! You would do it! And now—what am I to say to your uncle?'

'You can leave him to me,' Arthur replied doggedly. 'And for goodness' sake, mother, come in and shut the door. You don't want to talk to the village, I suppose? Come in.'

He shepherd her into the parlour and closed the door on them. He was cold, and he went to the fire and stooped over it, warming his hands at the blaze.

'But the bank?'

'Oh, the bank's gone,' he said.

She began to cry. 'Then, I don't know what's to become of us!' she sobbed. 'It's everything we have to live upon! And you know it wasn't I signed the order to—to your uncle! I never did—it was you—wrote my name. And now—it has ruined us! Ruined us!'

His face grew darker. 'If you wish to ruin us,' he said, 'at any rate if you wish to ruin me, you'll talk like that! As it is, you'll not lose your money, or only a part of it. The bank can pay everyone, and there'll be something over. A good deal, I fancy,' putting the best face on it. 'You'll get back the greater part of it.' Then, changing the subject abruptly, 'What did Clement Ovington want?'

'I don't—know,' she sobbed. But already his influence was mastering her; already she was a little comforted. 'He asked for you. I didn't see him—I could not bear it. I suppose he came to—to tell me about the bank.'

'Well,' ungraciously, 'he might have spared himself the trouble.' And under his breath he added a curse. 'Now let me have some tea, mother. I'm tired—dog-tired. I had no sleep last night. And I want to see Pugh before he goes. He must take a note for me—to Garth.'

'I'm afraid the Squire——'

'Oh, hang the Squire! It's not to him,' impatiently. 'It's to Josina, if you must know.'

She perked up a little at that—she had always some hope of Josina; and the return to everyday life, the clatter of the tray as it was brought in, the act of giving him his tea and seeing that he had what he liked, the mere bustling about him, did more to restore her. The lighted room, the blazing fire, the cheerful board—in face of these things it was hard to believe in ruin, or to fancy that life would not be always as it had been. She began again to have faith in him.

And he, whose natural bent it was to be sanguine, whose spirits had already rebounded from the worst, shared the feeling which he imparted. That she knew the worst was something; that, at any rate, was over. Confidently, he began to build his house again. 'You won't lose,' he said, casting back the locks from his forehead with the gesture peculiar to him. 'Or not more than a few hundreds at worst, mother. That will be all right. I'll see to that. And my uncle—you may leave him to me. He's been vexed with me before, and I've brought him round. Oh, I know him. I've no doubt that I can manage him.'

'But Josina?' timidly. 'D'you know, she was terribly low, Arthur—about something to-day. She wouldn't tell me, but there was something. She didn't seem to want to talk about you.'

He winced, and for a moment his face fell. But he recovered himself, and, 'Oh, I'll soon put that right,' he answered confidently.

'I shall see her in the morning. She's a good soul, is Josina. I can count on her. Don't you fret, mother. You'll see it will all come right—with a little management.'

'Well, I know you're very clever, Arthur. But Jos——'

'Jos is afraid of him, that's all.' And laughing, 'Oh, I've an arrow in my quiver, yet, mother. We shall see. But I must see Jos in the morning. Is Pugh there? I'll write to her now and ask her to meet me at the stile at ten o'clock. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot.'

On the morrow he did not feel quite so confident. The sunshine and open weather of the day before had given place to rain and fog, and when, after crossing the plank-bridge at the foot of the garden, he took the field path which led to Garth, mist hid the more distant hills, and even the limestone ridge which rose to their knees. The vale had ceased to be a vale, and he walked in a plain, sad and circumscribed, bounded by ghostly hedges, which in their turn melted into grey space. That the day should affect his spirits was natural, and that his position should appear less hopeful was natural, too, and he told himself so, and strove to rally his courage. He strode along, swinging his stick and swaggering, though there was no one to see him. And from time to time he whistled to prove that he was free from care.

After all, the fact that it rained did not alter matters. Wet or dry, he had saved the Squire's life, and a man's life was his first and last and greatest possession, and not least valued when near its end. He who saved it had a claim, and much—much must be forgiven him. Then, too, he reminded himself that the old man was no longer the hard, immovable block that he had been. The loss of sight had weakened him; he had broken a good deal in the last few months. He could be cajoled, persuaded, made to see things, and surely, with Josina's help, it would not be impossible to put such a colour on the—the loan of the securities as might make it appear a trifle. Courage! A little courage and all would be well yet.

He was still hopeful when he saw Josina's figure, muffled in a cloak and poke-bonnet, grow out of the mist before him. The girl was waiting for him on the farther side of the half-way stile, which had been their trysting place from childhood; and what slight doubt he had felt as to her willingness to help him died away. He whistled a little louder, and swung his stick more carelessly, and he spoke before he came up to her.

'Hallo, Jos!' he cried cheerfully. 'You're before me. But I knew that I could count on you, if I could count on anyone.'

I only came from London last night, and'—his stick over his shoulder, and his head thrown back—'I knew the best thing I could do was to see you and get your help. Why?' In spite of himself his voice fell a tone. 'What's the matter?'

'Oh, Arthur!' she said. That was all, but the two words completed what her look had begun. His eyes dropped. 'How could you? How could you do it?'

'Why—why, surely you're not going to turn against me?' he exclaimed.

'And he was blind! Blind! And he trusted you. He trusted you, Arthur.'

'The devil!' roughly—for how could he meet this save by bluster? 'If we're going to talk like that—but you don't understand, Jos. It was business, and you don't understand, I tell you. Business, Jos.'

'He does.'

Two words only, but they rang a knell in his ears. They gripped him in the moment of his swagger, left him bare before her, a culprit, dumb.

'He has felt it terribly! Terribly,' she continued. 'He was blind, and you deceived him. Whom can he trust now, Arthur?'

He strove to rally his confidence. He could not meet her gaze, but he tapped a rail of the stile with his stick. 'Oh, but that's nonsense!' he said. 'Nonsense! But, of course, if you are against me, if you are not going to help me——'

'How can I help you? He will not hear your name.'

'I can tell you how—quite easily, if you will let me explain.'

She shook her head.

'But you can. If you are willing, that is. Of course, if you are not——'

'What can I do? He knows all.'

'You can remind him of what I did for him,' he answered eagerly. 'I saved his life. He would not be alive now but for me. You can tell him that. Remind him of that, Jos. Tell him that sometime after dinner, when he is in a good humour. He owes his life to me, and that's not a small thing—is it? Even he must see that he owes me something. What's a paltry thousand or two thousand?—and I only borrowed them; he won't lose a penny by it—not a penny!' earnestly. 'What's that in return for a man's life? He must know——'

'He does know!' she cried; and the honest indignation in her eyes, the indignation that she could no longer restrain, scorched

him. For this was too much, this was more than even she, gentle as she was, could bear. 'He does know all—all, Arthur!' she repeated severely. 'That it was not you—not you, but Clement, Mr. Ovington, who saved him! And fought for him—that night! Oh, Arthur, for shame! For shame! I did not think so meanly of you as this! I did not think that you would rob another—'

'What do you mean?' He tried to bluster afresh, but the stick shook in his hand. 'Confound it, what do you mean?'

'What I say,' she answered firmly. 'And it is no use to deny it, for my father knows it. He knows all. He has seen Clement—'

'Clement, eh?' bitterly. 'Oh, it's Clement now, is it?' He was white with rage and chagrin, furious at the failure of his last hope. 'It's that way, is it? You have gone over to that prig, have you? And he's told you this?'

'Yes.'

'And you believe him?'

'I do.'

'You believe him against me?'

'Yes,' she said, 'for it is the truth, Arthur. I know that he would not tell me anything else.'

'And I? Do you mean to say that I would?'

She was silent.

It was check and mate, the loss of his last piece, the close of the game—and he knew it. With all in his favour he had made one false move, then another and a graver one, and this was the end.

He could not face it out. There was no more to be said, nothing more to be done, only shame and humiliation if he stayed. He flung a word of passionate incoherent abuse at her, and before she could reply he turned his back on her and strode away. Sorrowfully Jos watched him as he hurried along the path, cutting at the hedge with his stick, cursing his luck, cursing the trickery of others, cursing at last, perhaps, his own folly. She watched him until the ghostly hedges and the misty distances veiled him from sight.

Ten minutes later he burst in upon his mother at the Cottage and demanded twenty pounds. 'Give it me, and let me go!' he cried. 'Do you hear? I must have it! If you don't give it me, I shall cut my throat!'

Scared by his manner, his haggard eyes, his look of misery, the poor woman did not even protest. She went upstairs and fetched the sum he asked for. He took it, kissed her with lips still damp with rain, and bidding her send his clothes as he should direct—he would write to her—he hurried out.

CHAPTER XLII.

'I wun't do it! I wun't do it!' the Squire muttered stubbornly. 'Mud and blood 'll never mix. Shape the chip as you will 'tis part of the block! Girls' whimsies are women's aches, and they that's older must judge for them. She'd only repent of it when 'twas too late, and I've paid my debt and there's an end of it.'

From the hour of that scene at Ovington's he had begun to recover. From that moment he began to wear a stiff upper lip and to give his orders in hard, sharp tones, as he had been wont to give them in days when he could see; as if, in truth, his irruption into the life of the town and his action at the bank had re-established him in his own eyes. Those about him were quick to see the change—he had taken, said they, a new lease of life. 'Maybe, 'tis just a flicker,' Calamy observed cautiously; but even he had to admit that the flame burned higher for a time, and privately he advised the new man who filled Thomas's place 'to hop it when the master spoke,' or he'd hop it to some purpose.

The result was that there was a general quickening up in the old house. The master's hand was felt, and things moved to a livelier time. To some extent pride had to do with this, for the rumour of the Squire's doings in Aldersbury had flown far and wide and made him the talk of the county. He had saved the bank. He had averted ruin from hundreds. He had saved the country-side. He had paid in thirty, forty, fifty thousand pounds. Naturally his people were proud of him.

And doubtless the bold part he had played had given the old man a fillip; others had stood by, while he, blind as he was, had asserted himself, and acted, and rescued his neighbours from a great misfortune. But the stiffness he showed was not due to this only. It was assumed to protect himself. 'I wun't do it! I wun't do it! It's not i' reason,' he told himself over and over again; and in his own mind he fought a perpetual battle. On the one side contended the opinions of a lifetime and the prejudices of a caste, the beliefs in which he had been brought up, and a pride of birth that had come down from an earlier day; on the other, the girl's tremulous gratitude, her silence, the touch of her hand on his sleeve, the sound of her voice, the unceasing appeal of her presence.

Ay, and there were times when he was so hard put to it that he groaned aloud. No man was more of a law to himself, but at these times he fell back on the views of others. What would Woosenham say of it? How would he hold up his hands! And Chirbury—whose peerage he respected, since it was as old as his own family, if he thought little of the man? And Uvedale and Cludde; ay, and Acherley, who, rotten fellow as he was, was still Acherley of Acherley? They had held the fort so stoutly in Aldshire, they had repelled the moneyed upstarts so proudly, they had turned so cold a shoulder on Manchester and Birmingham! They had found in their Peninsula hero, and in that little country churchyard where the maker of an empire lay resting after life's fever, so complete a justification for their own claims to leadership and to power! And no one had been more steadfast, more dogged, more hide-bound in their pride and exclusiveness than he.

Now, if he gave way, what would they say? What laughter would there not be from one end of the county to the other, what sneers, what talk of an old man's folly and an old man's weakness! For it was not even as if the man's father had been a Peel or the like, a Baring or a Smith! A small country banker, a man just risen from the mud—not even a stranger from a distance, or a merchant prince from God knows where! Oh, it was impossible. Impossible! Garth, that had been in the hands of gentlefolk, of Armigeri from Harry the Eighth, to pass into the hands, into the blood of—no, it was impossible! All the world of Aldshire would jeer at it, or be scandalised by it.

'I wun't do it!' said the Squire for the hundredth time. It was more particularly at the thought of Acherley that he squirmed. He despised Acherley, and to be despised by Acherley—that was too much!

'Of course,' said a small voice within him, 'he would take the name of Griffin, and in time——'

'Mud's mud,' replied the Squire silently. 'You can't change it.'

'But he's honest,' quoth the small voice.

'So's Calamy!'

'He saved——'

'And I ha' paid him! Damme, I ha' paid him! Ha' done!'
And then, 'It's that blow on the head has moithered me!'

Things went on in this way for a month, the Squire renewing his vigour and beginning to tramp his fields again, or with the new man at his bridle-hand to ride the old grey from point to point,

learning what the men were doing, inquiring after gaps, and following the manure to the clover-ley, where the oats and barley would presently go in. Snow lay on the upper hills, grizzling the brown sheets of bracken, and dappling the green velvet of the sloping ling; the valley below was frost-bound. But the Squire had a fire within him, a fire of warring elements, that kept his blood running. He was very sharp with the men and scolded old Fewtrell. As for Thomas's successor, the lad learned to go warily and kept his tongue between his teeth.

The girl had never complained; it seemed as if that which he had done for her had silenced her, as if, she, too, had taken it for payment. But one day she was not at table, and Miss Peacock cut up his meat. She did not do it to his mind—no hand but Jos's could do it to his mind—and he was querulous and dissatisfied.

'I'm sure it's small enough, sir,' Miss Peacock answered, feebly defending herself. 'You said you liked it small, Mr. Griffin.'

'I never said I liked mince-meat! Where is the girl? What ails her?'

'It's nothing, sir. She's been looking a little peaky the last week or two. That's all. And to-day——'

'Why didn't you tell me?'

'It's only a headache, sir. She'll be well enough when the spring comes. Josina was always nesh—like her mother.'

The Squire huddled his spoon and fork together, and pushed his plate away, muttering something about d—d sausage meat. Her mother? How old had her mother been when she—he could not remember, but certainly a mere child beside him. Twenty-five or so, he thought. And she was nesh, was she? He sat, shaving his chin with unsteady fingers, eating nothing; and when Calamy, hovering over his plate, hinted that he had not finished, he blew the butler out of the room with a blast of language that made Miss Peacock, hardened as she was, hold up her hands. And though Jos was at breakfast next morning, and answered his grumpy questions as if nothing were amiss, a little seed of fear had been sown in the Squire's mind that grew as fast as Jonah's gourd, and before noon threatened to shut out the sun.

A silk purse could not be made out of a sow's ear. But a good leather purse, that might pass in time—the lad was stout and honest. And his father, mud, certainly, and mud of the pre-tentious kind that the Squire hated: mud that affected by the aid of gilding to pass for fine clay. But honest? Well, in his

own way, perhaps: it remained to be seen. And times were changing, changing for the worse; but he could not deny that they were changing. So gradually, slowly, unwelcome at the best, there grew up in the old man's mind the idea of surrender. If the money were paid back, say in three months, say in six months—well, he would think of it. He would begin to think of it. He would begin to think of it as a thing possible some day, at some very distant date—if there were more peakiness. The girl did not whine, did not torment him, did not complain; and he thought the more of her for that. But if she ailed, then, failing her, there was no one to come after him at Garth, no one of his blood to follow him—except that Bourdillon whelp, and by G—d he should not have an acre or a rood of it, or a pound of it. Never! Never!

Failing her? The Squire felt the air turn cold, and he hung, shivering, over the fire. What if, while he sought to preserve the purity of the old blood, the old traditions, he cut the thread, and the name of Griffin passed out of remembrance, as in his long life he had known so many, many old names pass away—pass into limbo?

Ay, into limbo. He saw his own funeral procession crawl—a long black snake—down the winding drive, here half-hidden by the sunken banks, there creeping forth again into the light. He saw the bleak sunshine fall on the pall that draped the farm-wagon, and heard the slow heavy note of the Garthmyle bell, and the scuffling of innumerable feet that alone broke the solemn silence. If she were not there at window or door to see it go, or in the old curtained pew to await its coming—if the church vault closed on him, the last of his race and blood!

He sat long, thinking of this.

And one day, nearly two months after his visit to the bank—in the meantime he had been twice into town at the Bench—he was riding on the land with Fewtrell at his stirrup, when the bailiff told him that there was a stranger in the field.

'Which field?' he asked.

'Where they ha' just lifted the turnips,' the man said.

'Oh!' said the Squire. 'Who is it? What's he doing there?'

'Well, I'm thinking,' said Fewtrell, 'as it's the young gent I've seen here more 'n once. Same as asked me one day why we didn't drill 'em in wider.'

'The devil he did!' the Squire exclaimed, kicking up the old mare, who was leaning over sleepily.

'Called 'em Radicals,' said Fewtrell, grinning. "Them there Radical Swedes," says he. 'Dunno what he meant. "If you plant Radicals, best plant 'em Radical fashion," says he.'

'Devil he did!' repeated the Squire. 'Said that, did he?'

'Ay, to be sure. He used to come across with a gun field-way from Acherley; oh, as much as once a week I'd seed him. And he'd know every crop as we put in, a'most same as I did. Very spy he was about it, I'll say that.'

'Is it the banker's son?' asked the Squire on a sudden suspicion.

'Well, I think he be,' Fewtrell answered, shading his eyes. 'He be going up to the house now.'

'Well, you can take me in,' to the groom. 'I'll go by the gap.'

The groom demurred timidly; the grey might leap at the gap. But the Squire was obstinate, and the old mare, who knew he was blind as well as any man upon the place, and knew, too, when she could indulge in a frolic and when not, bore him out delicately, stepping over the thorn-stubs as if she walked on eggs.

He was at the door in the act of dismounting when Clement appeared. 'D'you want me?' the old man asked bluntly.

'If you please, sir,' Clement answered. He had walked all the way from Aldersbury, having much to think of, and one question which lay heavy on his mind. That was—how would it be with him when he walked back?

'Then come in.' And feeling for the door-post with his hand, the Squire entered the house and turned with the certainty of long practice into the dining-room. He walked to the table as firmly as if he could see, and touching it with one hand he drew up with the other his chair. He sat down. 'You'd best sit,' he said grudgingly. 'I can't see, but you can. Find a chair.'

'My father has sent me with the money,' Clement explained. 'I have a cheque here and the necessary papers. He would have come himself, sir, to renew his thanks for aid as timely as it was generous and—and necessary. But'—Clement boggled a little over the considered phrase, he was nervous and his voice betrayed it—'he thought—I was to say—'

'It's all there?'

'Yes, sir, principal and interest.'

'Have you drawn a receipt?'

'Yes, sir, I've brought one with me. But if you would prefer that it should be paid to Mr. Welsh—my father thought that that might be so?'

'Umph! All there, is it?'

'Yes, sir.'

The old man did not speak for awhile. He seemed to be at a loss, and Clement, who had other and more serious business on his mind, and had his own reasons for feeling ill at ease, waited anxiously. He was desperately afraid of making a false step.

Suddenly, 'Who was your grandfather?' the Squire asked.

Clement started and coloured. 'He had the same name as my father,' he said. 'He was a clothier in Aldersbury.'

'Ay, I mind him. I mind him now. And his father, young man?'

'His name was Clement,' and foreseeing the next question, 'he was a yeoman at Easthope.'

'And his father?'

Clement reddened painfully. He saw only too well to what these questions were tending. 'I don't know, sir,' he said.

'And you set up—you set up,' said the Squire, leaning forward and speaking very slowly, 'to marry my heiress?'

'No, sir, your daughter!' Clement said, his face burning. 'If she'd not a penny—'

'Pho! Don't tell me!' the old man growled, and to Clement's surprise—whose ears were tingling—he relapsed into silence again. It was a silence very ominous. It seemed to Clement that no silence had ever been so oppressive, that no clock had ever ticked so loudly as the tall clock that stood between the windows behind him. 'You know,' said the old man at last, 'you're a d—d impudent fellow. You've no birth, you're nobody, and I don't know that you've much money. You've gone behind my back and you've stole my girl. You've stole her! My father 'd ha' shot you, and good reason, before he'd ha' let it come to this. But it's part my fault,' with a sigh. 'She've seen naught of the world and don't know the difference between silk and homespun or what's fitting for her. You're nobody, and you've naught to offer—I'm plain, young gentleman, and it's better—but I believe you're a man, and I believe you're honest.'

'And I love her!' Clement said softly, his eyes shining.

'Ay,' drily, 'and maybe it would be better for her if her father didn't! But there it is. There it is. That's all that's to be said for you.' He sat silent, looking straight before him with his sightless eyes, his hands on the knob of his stick. 'And I dunno as I make much of that—'tis easy for a man to love a maid—but the misfortune is that she thinks she loves you. Well, I'm

burying things as have been much to me all my life, things I never thought to lose or part from while I lived. I'm burying them deep, and God knows I may regret it sorely. But you may go to her. She's somewhere about the place. But—arresting Clement's exclamation as he rose to his feet—'you'll ha' to wait. You'll ha' to wait till I say the word, and maybe 'tis all moonshine, and she'll see it is. Maybe 'tis all a girl's whimsy, and when she knows more of you she'll find it out.'

'God bless you, sir!' Clement cried. 'I'll wait. I'm not afraid. I've no fear of that. And if I can make myself worthy of her——'

'You'll never do that,' said the old man sternly, as he bent lower over his stick. He heard the door close and he knew that Clement had gone—gone on wings, gone on feet lighter than thistle-down, gone, young and strong, his pulses leaping, to his love.

The Squire was too old for tears, but his lip trembled. It was not alone the sacrifice that he had made that moved him—the sacrifice of his pride, his prejudices, his traditions. It was not only the immolation of his own will, his own hopes and plans—his cherished plans for her. But he was giving her up. He was resigning that of which he had only just learned the worth, that on which in his blindness he depended every hour, that which made up all of youth and brightness and cheerfulness that was left to him between this and the end. He had sent the man to her, and they would think no more of him. And in doing this he had belied every belief in which he had been brought up and the faith which he had inherited from an earlier day—and maybe he had been a fool!

But by and by it appeared that they had not forgotten him, or one, at any rate, had not. He had not been alone five minutes before the door opened behind him, and closed again, and he felt Josina's arms round his neck, her head on his breast. 'Oh, father, I know, I know,' she cried. 'I know what you have done for me! And I shall never forget it—never! And he is good. Oh, father, indeed, indeed, he is good!'

'There, there,' he said, stroking her head. 'Go back to him. But, mind you,' hurriedly, 'I don't promise anything yet. In a year, maybe, I'll talk about it.'

THE END.

*H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY
AND HER WORK.*

FEW beyond the immediate family of Her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Albany know the full extent of her activities on behalf of others, or the wonderful influence for good which she unconsciously exercised over all with whom she had to do.

Her position as a near relation of His Majesty the King gave her great responsibilities and great opportunities, both of which she was quick to seize, and the Royal Motto, 'I SERVE,' was carried out by her in the letter and in the spirit to a most remarkable degree; but this article proposes to deal with only two of the many charitable enterprises with which she was specially and personally identified, namely, the League of Remembrance, concerning which Mr. John Murray furnishes me with the material, and the Deptford Fund.

The League of Remembrance was an enterprise in which the Duchess of Albany took the keenest personal interest, and of which indeed she was the originator.

In 1914, when war work societies were springing up like mushrooms all over the country, there came into existence the St. Marylebone War Hospital Supply Dépôt, which, after a short abode in small premises, moved to No. 2 Cavendish Square, a large house lent for the purpose by the Earl of Crawford.

Here, some hundreds of ladies, clad in white uniforms, worked daily from morning till night, making bandages, clothing, and all sorts of necessities for the soldiers. In the stables was a large carpenter's shop, where amateurs made crutches, splints, bed tables, and similar appliances. From the time of its commencement to the date of the Armistice, the St. Marylebone War Hospital Supply Dépôt turned out 15,000,000 articles for camp and hospital, in all parts of the world.

At the outset the Dépôt was a branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, but as it grew rapidly, and branches were started throughout the United Kingdom, and in many places overseas, it was granted a separate existence as Princess Beatrice's War Hospital Supply Dépôt. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Beatrice (the President) and the Duchess of Albany were regular and assiduous workers in the bandage-room and pattern-room respectively.

They came not merely to look on and superintend, but donned white overalls and veils, and took a regular part in the work.

It was while thus engaged that the Duchess conceived the idea of turning all the skill and energy displayed by these ladies into a permanent channel. Those were the dark days when sinister rumours were rife, and gleams of hope were hard to come by. Few people had the courage and foresight to look forward to and make preparations for the days when the war would be over.

The Duchess used to say: 'The skill and organising power displayed by the War Workers has been a surprise to everyone, including the workers themselves, many of whom have discovered for the first time not only their own capacity but also the genuine pleasure to be derived from regular occupation on behalf of others. It would be a thousand pities if all this machinery and skill were scrapped and dispersed when the war is over. Who can tell when some new crisis may arise, involving a fresh call on volunteer workers?'

Her Royal Highness was thereupon persuaded to embody her ideas in an article which was published in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE ('A Dream—and the Reality,' January 1919). In due course came the Armistice and the Peace. A large mass of the people thought they required a holiday and set to work to take it in an exuberant way, oblivious of the fact that making peace is in some respects harder work than making war.

Meanwhile their Royal Highnesses lost no time in enlisting a body of the most steadfast and efficient workers not only from their own Dépôt but from other kindred societies, in order to form a permanent centre for useful and charitable work.

The difficulties to be overcome appeared to be almost insurmountable. Workers pleaded war weariness; landlords would not let their houses for such an experiment; money was hard to get, and so forth, and so forth. It was only by the personal efforts of the Princess and the Duchess that these difficulties have been overcome. Owing to the kindness of benefactors, the League of Remembrance is enabled to employ a certain number of paid workers—ladies who have suffered from the war, but the large majority are volunteers, and the League has proved itself a wonderful touchstone for the discovery of those who really wish to do good work, and those who worked because it was the fashion.

It was but a few weeks before her death that the Duchess spoke of the League of Remembrance and the Deptford Fund as

two of her beloved children, and although it is a far cry from the West End of London to Deptford, that corner in South-East London which is so easily forgotten, it was in that place that the Duchess did a wonderful and unceasing work during twenty-eight long years. In Deptford are docks, factories, cattle markets, and slaughter-houses ; there are the extremes of poverty and squalor, houses which no Christian country should tolerate, and there are people. Thousands of people live there in poverty and misery, and die there uncared for ; there are little children whose heritage is disease and sin ; there are streets where, all night long, fighting and swearing and everything bad goes on, and where peace and quiet are well-nigh impossible ; and in the midst of it all, there is a bit of work which is but little known to the public, bearing the title of the Deptford Fund, which has an interesting history of its own.

As long ago as 1894 the late Viscount Templeton and his wife made an effort to draw attention to the terrible condition of Deptford, and they collected money to help existing institutions in the various parishes, without any regard to the religious denomination of the people they tried to assist. As it was soon found that this was not enough, an office was opened in the West End of London, a secretary and committee were appointed, and the work began in real earnest. At first it was in a very small way, and it was terribly slow and uphill work ; but during the first year a small house was bought, and a Sick Kitchen established there. This was a venture of faith, for there was very little money in the bank, and it was impossible to be sure of success. It was soon clear, however, that the Sick Kitchen met a very real need of the sick poor in the neighbourhood, and by great effort money enough was forthcoming to keep it going. In spite of difficulties, the Committee always hoped that eventually they would be able to collect enough funds to erect a building of some sort to form a large and more efficient centre of philanthropic work in Deptford.

At the end of 1894 Her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Albany became Patroness of the Fund, and from that time till the date of her death in September last she was the life and soul of the work. Shortly after the establishment of the Sick Kitchen a Club was started in another room for girls employed in the Foreign Meat Market. These girls were rough, untaught, and utterly neglected, and at first were shy and suspicious of the attention they received. No one had ever taken the slightest interest in them before, and they simply could not understand it. They were

terribly poor, and their work was degrading to the last degree. Their work? What was it? What did they do? They spent day after day, year in and year out, in the slaughter-house, sorting and cleaning out the entrails of slaughtered bullocks and sheep; they stood all day in blood above their ankles to do it—many wore only an old skirt and blouse or coat, with nothing whatever underneath; the sights and smells all round them were horrible, and everything tended to demoralisation, and the entire destruction of any womanly feelings the girls may have had. Was it any wonder that the girls were wild and rough and coarse-minded, and almost heathen as far as any religion was concerned? for they had neither time nor inclination for teaching, even if they could have got it. And so the Club was started—just a warm, well-lit room at first, with ladies to talk to, and a cup of coffee and a thick slice of cake at the end of the evening; needlework and cookery classes were gradually established, and a glee and chorus class; and when the confidence of the girls was thoroughly gained, a Bible class was held on Sunday afternoon. The Club opened with twenty-two members, and rapidly grew in numbers. The visible improvement in manners, dress, and conduct soon showed what a real help the girls found the Club, and encouraged those who conducted it to continue their efforts.

In 1897 the late Queen Victoria heard of the appalling condition of work among the slaughter-house girls, and found it almost impossible to believe. She spoke to the Duchess of Albany about it, and asked her if she would pay a surprise visit to the Cattle Market and learn for herself if the reports were true. The Duchess gladly undertook the mission, and went one day in March 1897, with one lady and gentleman in attendance. No one, of course, expected her, and nothing had been prepared for her. She merely gave her name when she arrived, and said she wished to see everything just as it was—and she did. And here she showed her marvellous self-forgetfulness and self-control, for when the little party came to where the slaughter-house girls were at work, the Duchess's attendants were physically unable to continue the inspection, and were obliged to turn back. The Manager quite expected the Duchess to give up too, but she merely repeated that she would see everything, and she passed through the very same filth and stench in which the girls were standing. The clothes she was wearing had to be destroyed when she returned to her home, so abominable was their smell. This was really the beginning of her

interest and sympathy, and after her visit to the slaughter-house it was shortly made illegal for girls to be employed there at all. But directly this became law, new problems were presented to the Deptford Fund workers; for what was to be done with the girls? They knew no other occupation, nobody would employ them as servants, or indeed in any capacity, for the reputation of the cattle-market girls was not of the best. So the Duchess and the Committee decided to raise a Special Building Fund for a large Institute, where the work could expand, and where the women and girls could be taught and helped to become capable of better things. By strenuous efforts on the part of the Duchess and others, the money was eventually raised for the first portion of the new building. It was built on a site in Creek Road, Deptford, given for the purpose by a member of the Committee, and was opened for use in October 1899. The work of the Fund continued to grow, and in 1907 a large hall and gymnasium were added, and the building now known as the Albany Institute is almost a complete realisation of the original intention of the Committee. Within its walls to-day work for the benefit of the poor of Deptford is being carried on, without ostentation, based on the principle of Christian service. From the little roomful of twenty-two girls has grown a Mothers' Club with over 100 mothers attending every week, a Girls' Club averaging over 200 attendances each week, and a Boys' Club with nearly 100 weekly attendances. Besides these there is an Infant Clinic which deals with about 60 babies a week, and there is the Hospital for tiny babies—the patients are all quite infants, and the little white cots in the white-walled wards are bright spots in the work of the Fund, in spite of the suffering which is continually to be witnessed there. The untiring skill and devotion of the honorary physician and of the trained nurses are the means of saving many little lives. About 100 babies pass through the Hospital in the year, but more could be admitted if only more money to support it could be obtained. It would be impossible to say in what branch of the work the Duchess was most interested. The babies were her constant care, and only a few weeks before her death she spent many hours in personally arranging for some alterations and improvements in the Babies' Hospital.

The School of Domestic Economy, where girls are taught cooking, dressmaking, and general housewifery, is also an important part of the work going on in the Albany Institute.

The Duchess of Albany was herself a good Churchwoman, but she was always most insistent that the work of the Deptford Fund should not be narrowed down to helping only Church people. It has therefore remained from the very beginning of its existence interdenominational. She wanted it to be carried on for the benefit of the mothers and girls and boys on lines of what she called 'Motherly Christianity.' The Bible and its teaching were her own Guide through life, and she always maintained that it should be the basis of the teaching given through the Deptford Fund. Every Friday evening she arranged to keep free, so that she might herself go to Deptford to teach a class of 'her girls' in the Institute. She had a small room in the building set apart where the girls could sit quietly, and read or pray, or think, for, as she truly said, 'they can't do it at home.' She took immense trouble in preparing for her Bible class, and on one occasion when asked if she was going out to any function that day, she replied quite simply, 'No, I am staying at home this afternoon, as I have not finished preparing for my class.' The Duchess was a clever and a well-read woman, a born teacher and leader, but with such breadth of view and clearness of vision that it was the Christian side of life which she lived and taught rather than the Church or Chapel side. Everyone in Deptford with whom she came in contact loved her. They loved her not for what she did—though she did much—but for what she WAS.

Sometimes her friends remonstrated with her for working so hard for and in Deptford, and she would smilingly reply, 'Work? It is not work to me; it is my pleasure, Does not a mother always love to help her children? Deptford is my child, my baby, and I must do all I can.' She was constantly with her 'children,' and two years ago she took boys into her 'family,' for when it was found possible to have the Club for boys she came to their first Christmas Tea Party, and waited on and talked and joked with the boys in a way which won all their hearts, and remarked to someone afterwards, 'I have thoroughly enjoyed the whole evening, but what I liked most was when some of the boys called me "Miss!"' She took a deep personal interest in the women and babies, some of whom she visited in their own homes in special times of sorrow or sickness, and many are the gifts of fruit or other little comforts or delicacies which have been received from her on such occasions.

The Deptford Fund has lost in her a friend who can never

wholly be replaced. Her generosity with money was wonderful, and in the many times of difficulty and financial crisis through which the Fund has passed, she always came to the rescue, and when on one occasion more money was wanted than the Duchess could possibly give at the moment, she sold a valuable pearl necklace to enable her not to fail the work in its extremity. But still it is true to say, that the people of Deptford, whom she loved and served, will miss her most for her love and her practical Christianity.

At the Memorial Service for her held at St. Paul's Church, Deptford, the great crowd of quite poor people who gathered together in affectionate remembrance was proof enough, if one were needed, of their gratitude and affection.

The Bishop of Woolwich at that service gave an address which must have appealed to all who heard him. His text was 'I am among you as One that serveth.' In speaking of the Duchess of Albany and her work in Deptford, he said 'When once the work was started, she never turned back, and it grew beneath her influence, her love, and her prayers; she loved the people and gave herself to their service . . . in this way the work grew round the wonderful Albany Institute, and all its varied organisations came into being.'

Such was the work of one who spent a life of service after a divine ideal, and it remains for those who are left to continue her work here. We who had the privilege of working with her will always have her example as an inspiration, and her breadth of vision as a guide.

The League of Remembrance and the Deptford Fund will always think of the Duchess of Albany, not only as a Patroness, but as a fellow worker, for she took an active personal part in each, and without the invaluable aid of her courage, her geniality, and her business capacity, it is doubtful if either of these admirable institutions would have reached its present state of efficiency. To both, her death is an irreparable loss, and all her fellow workers will ever cherish the memory of a great and benevolent Princess.

J. GASCOIGNE.

THE GODS OF THE WALL

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL G. R. B. SPAIN, C.M.G.

Gone are the gods of the Wall,
 Lost and forgotten each name ;
 There, where the sad plovers call,
 Gone are the gods of the Wall ;
 Here, where the cloud shadows fall,
 None to remember their fame.
 Gone are the gods of the Wall,
 Lost and forgotten each name.

THE great stone Wall, erected as a margin to the Roman Empire across England from the Solway to the estuary of the Tyne, was made in a country bitterly hostile to the Romans and their deities. The barrier was built by the II., VI., and XX. legions under the Emperor Hadrian about A.D. 125.

The Northern Kelts, defeated as they were in A.D. 80 by the military genius of General Agricola, had little sympathy with the gods of a Mediterranean race, both alien and unknown to them. Yet, as the North settled down under the heel of the Conqueror, the admirable administrative qualities of the Roman brought an unfamiliar peace to the local natives, and with peace came many new things. By forced labour, by mart, and by marriage the Northern Kelts were presently very closely in touch with the towns and garrisons of the Wall. Not only must the natives have learned something of the Roman gods, but the imported and polyglot population of the Wall belt also gradually absorbed some little knowledge of the local and tribal deities. By the third and fourth centuries the Wall was seemingly propitiating, if not worshipping, Keltic gods. It is not therefore strange that faint traces of the earlier Keltic pantheon have been revealed by the prying spade of the antiquary, overlaid as it were by a veneer of Roman convention in art and in altar.

Besides the indigenous and native cults, there were other equally peculiar gods imported by the auxiliary troops manning the Wall, who came from the wildest and most distant parts of the mighty Roman Empire, bringing with them their own customs and deities. During the three hundred years the Romans held

the Wall zone from sea to sea, it is probable that never in the history of the world were so many and diverse religions gathered together and worshipped by a population so complex and so unique. Spaniards from the Iberian peninsula (mostly cavalry these), Dutchmen from Holland, Teutons from the Rhine valley, Belgian Tungrians from the Lower Meuse, Gauls, Keltic Swiss with their special spears, Dalmatians from the Adriatic coast, Dacians from Roumania with swords hooked at the point, Thracians from the shores of the Black Sea, and even darker tribes from Asia (the Hamian Archers) and Africa (Mauri) were represented on the Wall.

To the cultured Roman governor of the Province, and his tribunes controlling the various sectors of the Wall, it is probable that the worship of Jupiter and his pantheon was at best a convention, familiar but outgrown, something from the past believed in *pour encourager les autres*, and continued from habit. But the mass of the Wall population seem to have worshipped a collection of so diverse a series of deities, with such fervour, and yet with such an easy tolerance as to afford something of an example to more modern times.

It seems to have been a fact that the frontier soldiers of the Empire desired above all things to show their pride of learning, their *esprit de corps*, and their faith in their religions and Emperors by inscribing stones. This desire, as time went on, became a fashion and a habit with the army of occupation, and the enormous number of broken slabs, tablets, and altars found along the line of the Wall, and its supporting fortresses, bear silent witness to this craving to leave behind, for others to read (if they can!), that a man of letters and religion had passed that way. The stately slabs of the governors fixed in the walls of public buildings, the superior altars of commanding officers, recording standard gods and sentiments, and incidentally their own names and units, stand in our North Country museums side by side with remarkable and uncouth inscriptions, both great and little, to entirely lost religions and divinities.

The Roman culture demanded a brevity in inscription on stone that has been the admiration and terror of later generations, for the thing became a standardisation, where one letter meant the most complex and abstract ideas, depending upon position and association for sense—a sort of shorthand in block capitals never surpassed by any civilisation. It is a wonderful thing to see how

the early European antiquaries gradually built up the structure of interpretation, so that the modern student can now follow the meaning and sense of the old sculptor, even when the latter (or the former!) makes a mistake.

The Roman altar, though we have hundreds to look upon, remains a mysterious thing, evolved from an earlier notion of sacrifice into a square pillar of stone, with a hollow cup or focus, and two carved and conventional representations of bundles of wood for firing at the top. The slaughtering axe, the knife, the flat dish, and the jug, symbols of ritualistic sacrifice, are sometimes in relief on the sides of the altar, but what this ritual was and what was said or done at the dedication, these are lost for ever. The pouring out of blood, probably also wine, and the rite of sacrificial burning were things undoubtedly associated with the dedication of Roman altars. During the first century the Roman in Rome seems to have developed the system of exact ritual, in connexion with sacrifice, to an extraordinary degree, with the idea of compelling the worshipped god to conform to the will of man; that is, if every gesture and every action were done according to the ritual sanctified by the traditions of a remote past. Woe betide the priestly officials if anyone coughed or used the wrong hand; the god apparently escaped from the noose of compulsion, and the performances had to start all over again, or, owing to defective ritual, the answer was unsatisfactory. There is a case on record where the procedure seems to have been carried out no less than fifty times! The result of the sacrifice and the answer by the god were apparently revealed and read in the condition of the viscera of the victim, human or otherwise. This method of divination seems to modern eyes both horrible and extraordinary, but to the educated Roman it was merely a legacy from the remote past sanctified by custom and law. During the early Empire human sacrifice was forbidden, but the elaborate ritual of slaughter was carried out upon animals until the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. It does not seem probable that the strange exactitudes of sacrifice persisted in the Wall zone after the various units had settled down, and had begun to develop the numerous and curious cults, quite foreign to Rome and her official priesthood, though altars continued to be manufactured as a convention.

And the gods of the Wall themselves, not the official deities, Jupiter, Mars, Hercules, Apollo, Mercury, Neptune, and the rest, to whom there are hundreds of dedications, but those strange

shadowy beings, worshipped by thousands and thousands of common men for centuries, but of whom the classical writers are either entirely silent, or nearly so—what of them?

First and foremost comes the cult of Mithras, 'The unconquerable sun-god,' evolved in Asia, and introduced into Western Europe by the XV. Legion of the Roman army, who were moved from the East to the Rhine about A.D. 71. By the end of the second century the worship of Mithras seems to have become the most popular cult amongst the soldiers of the Empire. The similarity between Christianity and Mithraism is very remarkable. Both religions used the rite of baptism, the sign of the cross, and the sacrament of bread. Both religions believed in the doctrine of heaven and hell, the sanctification of one day in each week, and the twenty-fifth day of December. Both Christ and Mithras were called the Saviour, and the mediator between God and man, and both sects seem to have cultivated a very strong fraternal spirit in the early communities. The two religions were antagonistic from the beginning, and the struggle between them became intensified in bitterness as time progressed, because of the numerous resemblances and the natural rivalry. Christianity became the official religion of the Empire under the Emperor Constantine in A.D. 324, and the beginning of the downfall of the cult of Mithras dates from about this time. The annihilation of the worship seems to have been very thorough, eradicated wherever possible from literature and monuments, and the subject became taboo at the end of the fourth century. A skeleton, found still chained by the wrists to a shattered slab of Mithras of the usual type, in an underground cave in Sarreburg, between the Moselle and the Rhine, shows plainly what happened to those who persisted in a religion no longer allowed by law.

The discovery of the underground temple to Mithras at Housesteads on the Wall in 1822 is one of the most interesting finds ever made in the Roman zone of the North of England. The great slab depicting Mithras slaughtering the bull, and the figure of the sun-god in a horse-shoe of the zodiacal signs, were broken into many fragments, but sufficient remained to show that here was a centre of the lost and forgotten cult that for three centuries was the greatest and most dangerous rival of Christianity. Mithraism fell, not because it was evil or absurd, but because it was so nearly good. The details and ritual of the cult are entirely lost, but sufficient literary fragments and monumental remains have

been found and pieced together to show that the religion was on a very high ethical plane. It is possible that modern Freemasonry is the indirect descendant of the old and forgotten religion.

Fifteen inscriptions and carvings have been found in the Wall district that can be definitely identified with Mithras, and one inscription, relating to one of the Mithraic torch-bearers named Cantes, was found in Carlisle in 1893. It is interesting to note that four of these carvings relating to the cult of Mithras on the Wall show the sun-god with a whip or scourge, and a nimbus with pointed rays. Apollo was the charioteer of the sun, and it is fair to claim the whip for the solar driver, if he was associated with Mithras, as he often was; but it is by no means improbable that these four stones are representations of another and flagellant sect of the Syrian sun-god, perhaps a late offshoot from the parent Mithraic religion. It is, at any rate, curious that in each case the pointed halo or nimbus, and a whip, are shown together. These four carvings are No. 134, Black Gate Museum, Newcastle; a slab found at Corbridge in 1911 now at Corbridge; an altar found at Whitley Castle, Alston, Northumberland (Illustration No. 738 in the 'Lapidarium Septentrionale'); and a rude figure from Maryport Camp now at Netherhall, Maryport, Cumberland (No. 899 in the 'Lapidarium').

No definite inscriptions relating to the Christian religion have come to light in the Wall district. A silver dish found at Corbridge, with the monogram XP, adopted by Constantine, six times repeated on the flange, and a very late Roman burial slab, worded in Christian style (HIC) JACIT (for JACET), from Chesterholm, seem to be the only indirect evidences of the Christian faith.

The worship of the Three Mothers is another imported religion, the details of which are entirely lost. These three goddesses are usually shown seated and fully robed, with baskets of fruit on their laps, on inscribed slabs found on the line of the Wall. They have the epithets 'Transmarine' and 'Campestrian,' from which it would appear that the three divine goddesses were brought to Britain from overseas, and were connected with field fertility rites. Though imported and now quite forgotten it is possible that their worship coalesced with other and similar forms of worship, already part of the Keltic belief, and lingered in agricultural England long after the departure of the Romans, for in a rather improper mediaeval poem of the thirteenth century the three ladies seem to reappear under circumstances that cannot be detailed! The three

witches in Macbeth may be stragglers following through time a long column of almost forgotten and very degraded supernatural beings, the leaders of which were the Three Divine and Bountiful Mothers.

Over forty inscribed stones and carvings relating to this trinity of goddesses have been found in the Wall districts. It is sad to think of this long and progressive downfall through fourteen hundred years. In the fourth century Wall-worshippers bowed in adoration, in seed time and in harvest, to three benign and beautiful beings; by the sixteenth century these deities had degenerated into loathsome old hags, boiling toads and frogs' feet, the butt and horror of all educated individuals. Yet five altars have been found in the Wall district with no inscription, only the outline of a toad on each; three of these are now in the Black Gate Museum, Newcastle. Before the final obliteration of fertility cults and rites in England, there was, indeed, a general flare up, and a grand *auto-da-fé*, when those in power dealt with the witches. We are three hundred years too late to know exactly what it was all about; indeed, it is doubtful if those who lit the fires knew much more than we do, but Miss Murray, in her remarkable book, 'The Witch Cult in Western Europe,' has shown very clearly that this burning of young and old women, and men too, was a very similar episode to many other outbursts of religious persecution throughout the ages, and that behind the witches and their strange rites was something very old, and, to modern ethics, not very respectable! It is certain that some of the witches firmly believed that they were stepping into a new world of bliss from the fires that consumed them, and thus were martyrs in the truest sense of the word. Many of the poor creatures recanted from their strange creed (whatever it was), but they died, nevertheless—in the Wall country they died, as many had done before them, for the sake of the same shadowy deities, and with their ashes passed away the last traces of a belief rooted in far-off prehistoric times, when fertility meant life and continuation, and sterility meant decay, death, and oblivion.

The Wall fortress at Housesteads was nominally garrisoned for over two hundred years by the First Tungrians, Belgic infantry from the Lower Meuse valley in the service of Rome. The station was one of the central towns of the Wall, and it is also one of the highest, coldest, and most lonely, being 800 feet above the sea; nevertheless, it seems to have been, probably from its central

position, one of the religious centres of the Roman belt. A small underfeature to the south of the fortress is still called Chapel Hill, and here have been found many of the traces of strange cults and stranger gods. On the north side of the hill in 1883 were dug up two altars, dedicated in style to the two goddesses Alaisiagae, by a German people from East Holland called the Tuihanti, who were apparently a draft, serving with a cuneus of Frisians, their neighbours from the Zuider Zee. In 1920 another altar, also dedicated to the Alaisiagae, was found on the north side of Chapel Hill. On the first altar found in 1883, the dedication to the two goddesses was associated with Mars Thingsus. On the second 1883 altar Mars, without Thingsus, was also mentioned. On all three altars the divinity of the Emperor was invoked. On the Thingsus altar the goddesses were given the strange names, or epithets, of Bede and Fimmilene. On the 1920 altar the deities have entirely fresh names, or epithets, namely Baudihillie and Friagabi! What do these four curious words mean? After the first altar was found a controversy began. The Alaisiagae were undoubtedly imported from the Continent, but whether they came from the Lower Meuse where the Tungrians dwelt, or whether they came from the east of the Zuider Zee, where both the Frisians and the Tuihanti had their homes, it is difficult to say. A German school of thought claimed that the Alaisiagae of the two 1883 altars were associated with the idea of Justice, for Thingsus they insisted meant the tribal court of justice. Botthing (Bede) was the general Court of Justice, Fimelthing (Fimmilene) was the movable judgment, which did not take place regularly. The two Alaisiagae were therefore representatives of the national assembly of the Frisians. A Scandinavian, on the other hand, claimed the two female deities as Valkyries, purely and simply, showing that Mars Thingsus was merely a battle-god and had nothing whatever to do with justice. The strange new epithets, or names, it is difficult to say which, Baudihillie and Friagabi, found on the third 1920 altar, will not add oil to already troubled waters!

Whether the two Alaisiagae were as dignified and attractive as the German scholars have attempted to establish, or whether they were horrid females hopping and springing with shrieks of joy over the hedge of spear points as the battle lines finally drew to close grips, it is difficult at present to say. It is more pleasant to contemplate two benign beings symbolising justice in national assembly, rather than blood-thirsty and terrible apparitions only

revealed to the savage Roman auxiliaries on the field of battle at the instant of contact with the foe, when the rolling thunder of the meeting shields materialised Morrigu, Badb, and the Keltic hags of slaughter! Would fairness in dealing, or the quick stabbing thrust of the short Roman sword, appeal most to the Tuihanti? Exiles on the Wall had little interest in national assembly, or in justice, either stationary or with a roving commission.

Three interesting altars have been found at Birrens, a northern outpost for the Wall on the west, dedicated respectively to three otherwise unknown goddesses, called Harimella, Ricagambeda, and Viradecthis, by the Second Tungrians from the Lower Meuse valley in Belgium. At Housesteads on the Wall the Tuihanti from East Holland, possibly associated with the First Tungrians, who nominally garrisoned this mural fortress, were worshipping the Alaisiagae goddesses with names, or epithets, of a suggestively similar type to Ricagambeda.

It is interesting to note how, over and over again, the dedicators of altars associated a Roman god with another, probably with the same attributes, and thus the Mars-Thingsus deity of the Tuihanti is only one of many pairs. Jupiter Dolichenus is another of the double type where an entirely separate cult appears to have been worshipped. Nine inscribed stones to this double deity have been discovered in the Wall district. The town of Dolitche in Asia Minor seems to have been the cradle of the religion, and the working of iron was associated with this god in later times. In a different form the ancient cult profoundly affected the Minoan civilisation in Crete, for the religion of the double-axe sign of the Knossos labyrinth was very closely connected in origin with the same cultus. As the smith's special deity in the North his future appeared to be assured, for coal and iron were waiting for the man and his god to raise mighty altars in the sun. But the vast structures of the blast furnaces at Consett have proclaimed to the Pennines, by pillared clouds by day and great fires by night, that a more mercenary deity has been added to the pantheon of the Wall.

A very curious group of thirty-eight altars dedicated to gods named variously Huitris, Huitres, Uhitris, Uitris, Uiteres, Uitiris, Uitres, Uitus, and Uetus seems to have been imported, or to have developed in the Wall zone. It has been claimed that these divinities (very like the French for oysters!) are Teutonic in origin, for a German god named Veter and the curious first syllable appeared

to show this ; but it is to be noted that the dedications are often to a plurality of deities, and the syllable 'whe' is not of necessity German, but might be pre-Keltic. Only one altar of this series mentions a nationality, and this, strangely enough, is a regiment of Dalmatians from the Adriatic coast. The altars are all small, and rather illiterate in execution, apparently dedicated by a sect of poor people when Roman culture was on the wane, presenting a religion entirely lost and forgotten.

In the two great depot towns for the Wall, Carlisle on the west, and Corbridge on the east, it is natural to find the more luxurious and sensuous religions like the well-known cults of Astarte, the Tyrian Heracles, the Egyptian Isis and Serapis, to have been set up for the benefit of those exiles on the Wall who knew the Orient and its ways. Two altars with Greek inscriptions have been found at Corbridge dedicated to Astarte and the Tyrian Heracles respectively.

Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And coloured like Astarte's eyes
Raw silk the merchant sells ?

Another altar was found at Corbridge in 1913 dedicated to Panthea, who may be Isis, while Serapis is associated with Jove on an altar from Kirby Thore.

A Hammia Dea is mentioned on a small altar from Carvoran, probably the goddess of the Hamian Archers from Syria who garrisoned this fortress, for two inscriptions from the same place mention 'The Syrian Goddess.'

This vague divinity has a most remarkable group of epithets in a short poem in iambic verse, carved on an interesting slab found at Carvoran in 1816. She is called 'The Virgin overhanging the Lion,' 'The Carrier of an Ear of Corn,' 'The Inventor of Right,' 'The Founder of Cities,' 'Mother of the Gods,' 'Peace,' 'Virtue,' 'Ceres,' 'Poising Life and Laws in the Balance.' It is probable that some of these titles refer in a mystical way to a quadrant of the zodiac, as the Constellations of the Lion, the Virgin, and the Scales are mentioned, star groups all touching one another, and the great star Spica (an ear of corn) in the Sign of the Virgin appears to be referred to in the second epithet.

One feels, whoever 'The Syrian Goddess' was, after considering these epithets, she can scarcely have been Astarte!

The Hamian Archers were the only regiment of bowmen on the Wall, and they are supposed to have come from the city of Hamah, south of Aleppo, in Syria.

All these deities, unknown or vaguely known, were probably introduced from the Continent; but there is another large and interesting series of indigenous gods, produced by the Northern Kelts themselves. Nebulous and curious, their study becomes more perplexing as knowledge regarding the Keltic pantheon is gradually accumulated. First and perhaps foremost comes 'The sacred wood god Cocidius,' whose worship seems to have been confined to the western half of the Wall and to whom nearly twenty altars have been dedicated. The eastern half of the Wall seems to have developed a very similar but possibly rival cult of a god spelt variously Anociticus, Antenociticus (at Benwell), Anicetus (with Apollo at Rudchester), and Antocidicus (at Chesters). A shrine was found at Benwell with two altars therein dedicated to this deity. These eastern and western Wall groups might be equated.

Next comes Belatucadrus, from his associations with Mars in three cases, and with one of his root syllables Cad (Keltic Cad = Battle), obviously a god of war. Nearly twenty altars have been found in the western Wall districts with dedications in his otherwise unknown name.

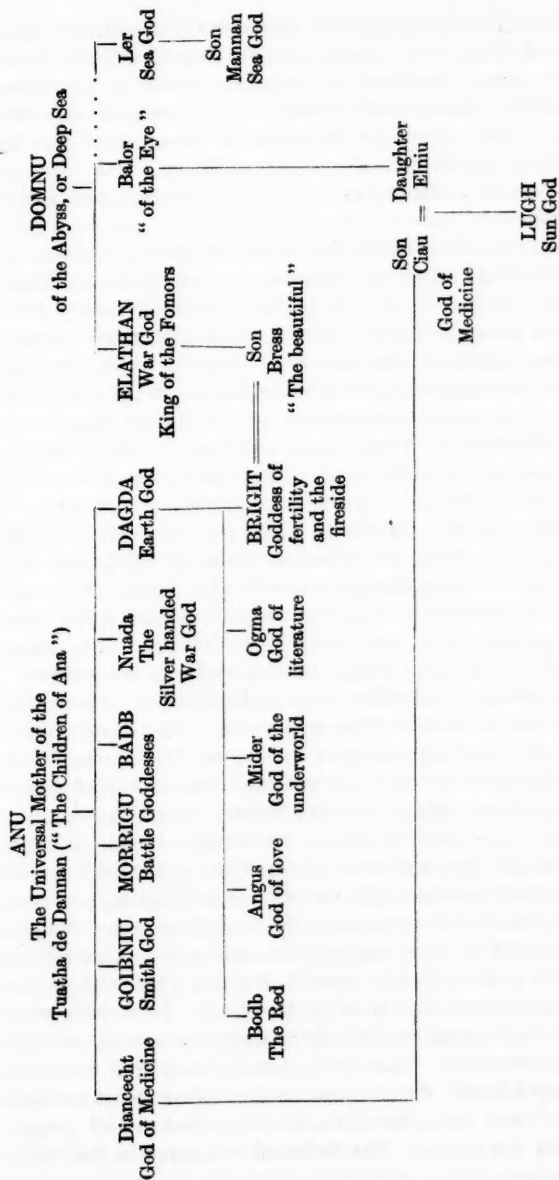
Melonius of Cawfields, Maponius of Hexham and Old Penrith, Matunus of Elsdon Redesdale, Mogon of Netherby Old Penrith and Woodburn (the last with Cad = a battle-god), Setlocenia of Maryport, Vanauntis of Castlesteads, Rat of Chesters, Ratis of Birdoswald, Latis of Birdoswald and Foldsteads, Ocelus associated with Mars at Carlisle (and also at Caerwent in Monmouth), a dedication on a very large altar to Garmangabis, a goddess at Lanchester, a strange pair, Unsensis and Fersomaris, found on an altar at Old Penrith in 1908 (what a pity this dedication cannot be translated 'to the Unseen and Fearsome gods!'), and an altar found at Benwell to the Three Lamiæ, are the only records of gods and goddesses once worshipped in the Wall country by many, but now completely lost, except for these one or two records on their lonely altars. The Benwell altar 'Lamiis Tribus,' before mentioned, because of its beauty, was embodied in 1813 in the seal of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne as part of the design by Henry Howard of the Royal Academy and engraved by Thomas Wyon

of the Mint, and it has appeared therefore on all the official publications of the Society. Thus the worship of the Three Lamiae (who and whatever they may have been) has not yet entirely passed into oblivion, but, by a strange series of chances, has become part of the nucleus of a new cult, already more than a hundred years old!

In the year 1877 an entirely unknown fountain goddess was discovered on the west side of the Wall fortress at Carrawburgh. A large spring was opened up, it was found to be lined with masonry, and it was filled with a mass of coins (over 14,000 were recovered), votive offerings, inscribed vases, tablets and altars. The inscriptions all related to a sacred nymph called Coventina. The name was spelt variously, Covontina, Covventina, Covetina, Covantina and Coventina, but the last syllable Tina always persisted. The remains of a small temple round the well appeared to show that this centre was of considerable importance from a religious point of view. It is a fact that the site of this sacred spring in the great river fork of Tyne is nearly exactly the same distance from the North Tyne at Nunwick, as the South Tyne at Newbrough, being $2\frac{2}{3}$ rd miles from both rivers, and lying between them, on the Wall. It seems reasonable to suppose that this local river cult would naturally develop at a place so situated, and that here we have the sacred centre for the river Tyne worship. It is possible that other traces of the cult of Coventina might be found at Warden or Park Shiel, if a large spring exists, as both these places are equidistant from the two rivers and on the ridge dividing the streams.

In the last twenty years a new British school has sprung into being, and Keltic scholars like Sir John Rhys, Professor J. A. MacCulloch, Mr. Charles Squire, and others have attempted, with considerable success, to re-assemble the ancient Keltic mythology, a subject considered by the Victorian antiquaries to be hopeless as regards research. By sifting the mass of early writings and traditions of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, by comparative folklore, and by analysis and analogy, they reconstruct in an almost convincing way the Keltic pantheon of these islands. From these sources the following very incomplete pedigree of the chief gods of the Kelts is compiled:

Some traces of these deities have been found in the Wall country. Luguwallium, modern Carlisle, was probably named after the sun-god Lugh, 'The town of Lugh on the Wall.' It is



possible that the prefix 'An' of Anociticus (Benwell, etc.) is connected with Anu, the universal mother of the Tuatha de Dannan, while the altars dedicated to Brigantia found at Castlesteads, Birrens, South Shields, and Corbridge may be equated with Brigit. The great tribe of unruly Brigantes to the south of the Wall, who so long preserved their semi-independence, took their name from the same goddess, for Brigit, or Brigantia, was probably their tutelary deity.

An altar found at South Shields in 1887 with a double dedication to Mars and Alator can be reasonably equated with Elathan, the Keltic war-god of the Abyss, King of the Fomors. A silver tablet was found in Hertfordshire in 1743 with the same double dedication. Alator is the Romanised name of which the original Keltic name is unknown, but of which Elathan is the Erse descent.

During the recent excavations in the Roman town at Corbridge, 1906-1914, a curious mould and three pieces of interesting greyish pottery, probably of local manufacture and showing, in slip or relief, figures of gods, were found on the site. The mould gives an amusing cast of a god with an inane expression, very large bare feet, an extremely short garment and undergarment, and a large grotesque crooked club. In the background is an eight-spoked wheel. The god wears a helmet rather like an inverted porridge bowl, and carries on his left arm a square-shaped and curved shield with a large boss or umbo in the centre. The workmen at the excavations at once labelled this figure 'Harry Lauder.' In an ancient Erse saga called 'The Northern Battle of Moytura' is a long description of the god Dagda, the father of Brigit. He is shown to be of venerable aspect and of primitive mind and tastes; indeed, he was amongst other things a porridge gourmand. He wore a brown low-necked tunic, which only reached to his hips, and over this he wore a hooded cape which barely covered his shoulders; on his feet and legs were horse-hide boots, the hairy side outwards. He carried, or rather drew after him on a wheel, an eight-pronged war club, so huge that eight men would have been needed to carry it, and the wheel as he towed it along made a track like a tribal boundary. It is quite possible that here we have an account of the deity represented on the Corbridge figure mould. The description fits very well, except that the 'Harry Lauder' figure wears neither winter boots nor hooded cape: the short tunic, the club, and the wheel are all prominent features on the plaque. The hollowed out curve in the bludgeon which makes such a noticeable crook in the relief is possibly

designed to fix on to the axle of the eight-spoked wheel for transport. Were the Corbridge potters making fun of the god of a conquered race ?

The three fragments of pottery, found during the same excavations, show in slip on the surface of broken vases, portions of figures of gods of a similar type to the mould figure. The most important of these has a graved inscription in two places, ALLIITO (ALLETO), with a pair of well-modelled feet in sandals. It is possible that this name represents a further variation of the war-god Elathan (Alator), the infernal father-in-law to Brigit.

The three fragments of pottery and the 'Harry Lauder' figure are undoubtedly Roman in manufacture. It is unfortunate that only these fragments have been recovered, as this type of ware is extremely rare, if not unique, in Great Britain, and the Keltic school would welcome further discoveries.

With a little ingenuity the war-god Belatucadrus of the western Wall zone, Latis of Birdoswald, Elathan of the Pedigree, Alator of South Shields, and Alleto of the Corbridge shard might be equated, for a small altar found at Carvoran in 1886 seems to be dedicated '(B)Aliticavro,' and may form a connecting link between the groups using Lat, Let, and Lit as root words ; it must be left to the Keltic School to solve the meaning of this basic syllable.

A somewhat similar fragment of pottery to the Corbridge finds, greyish white in colour and slightly coarser in texture, was found at the Roman site of Chester-le-Street, near Durham, some years ago. This piece of pottery may have come originally from the Corbridge manufactory. It shows, in slip relief, a short axe and hammer combined, a pair of pincers, and an object which may be meant for an anvil. These are the symbols of the trade of the blacksmith, and very similar in some respects to the symbols on the unique and entire 'Smith's Vase' in the Colchester museum.

Intensely practical, the Romans in peace time had no admiration for work for work's sake, because slaves laboured and were directed, and they never decorated their pottery with anything relating to mere labour for this reason. War, amusements, and religion were the three themes utilised for decorative purposes on pottery by the Romans, and it thus seems reasonable to suppose and assume that the smith's symbols on the Chester-le-Street fragment and the Colchester vase are religious, and may refer to some Vulcanesque cult, perhaps Keltic in character.

Goibniu, the smith god of the Anu group, was a deity of

considerable importance to the early Iron Age Kelts, and he prevailed, as a sort of happy blacksmith and builder, long after the rest of the Keltic pantheon had receded into the realm of forgotten things. The Chester-le-Street shard and the Colchester vase may relate to this popular deity.

The deities of the Kelts, as extracted for us by the Keltic school from the various sources available to them, are a very homely gathering of gods, yet one can nevertheless perceive, dimly shining through the veneer of the Roman period, and through the crabbed and prejudiced writings of the early Irish monkish scribes, a more sombre pantheon, blood-thirsty and terrible, gods who were worshipped with an abandon not now understood by any human being in Great Britain. The Dagda drops his absurd club and porridge bowl, and, with a harp, strides through the Keltic world as an earth-god ordering the seasons. Elathan, the king of the Fomors from the Abyss, looms through the mists of time still more gigantic, a very Titan, opposed to the Anu gods, and terrific in war. The smith god Goibniu, that clever iron worker and mystery man of the Kelts, takes on a new dignity, for with a graver face and gesture he sweeps mankind back to the dawn of the Iron Age, when the metal was a new thing, won from the rocks by secret and fearful rites. Brigit, always lovable, becomes the goddess of the Keltic household, or, as a universal mother, takes to her ample breast a whole nation of Kelts, who could die willingly in thousands in their primitive hill-top forts, to maintain her name in the face of the Roman Empire.

In contemplating this great collection of gods from the Wall, one is impressed by the extraordinary variety of deities worshipped by the mankind of Europe; men gathered together by the Romans in one area for the defence of a frontier.

Quite apart from the purely Roman divinities, who, well known, have been omitted, the large number of entirely different cults seem to cater for every human type. The most lofty and spiritual ideals of the worship of Mithras are found practically side by side with the strange and erotic cult of Astarte. Dedications to savage war-gods are found on the same site as records of gentle and kindly religions like that of the three Divine Mothers—Creation and Destruction. The most abstract of thoughts and the most primitive of desires seem to vie one with the other in tolerant rivalry. Rome ruled indeed when she could compel mankind to allow each to worship as each willed.

THE MASTERS OF THE MANOR.¹

BY C. E. LAWRENCE.

MOONLIGHT poured brilliantly through the five great mullioned windows of the library, touching with enchantment the haunted silence of the room; pointing mistily this dinted breastplate, that old weapon of war, the high-sculptured fire-place, bookcases, hangings, pictures, decorations, ornaments, making them half visible in the delicate darkness, and settling in five clear pools on the carpeted floor. This room was a sanctuary; gracious hearts had beaten within its serenity, and gracious thoughts been born of its atmosphere, embellishments, books.

The clock on the mantelpiece chanted its song, and separately thereafter, from the belfry of the house and the jangling stable-clock, came the chimes of agreement, followed by the calls of the owls hunting in Dartry woods—distant, forlorn, beautiful.

A door upon its easy hinges opened, and a cat stalked in. Pasht was a luxury in silver-grey. He walked with importance, suggestive of his bearing the mission of the ages, a secret of the gods, purposes of dead wizardry . . .

And then the room was crowded; its silence deepened by the voices of the supernatural, the walls illuminated by a new brightness; something less assertive, more elusive, than the glory of the moon.

The masters of the manor were assembling—spectral presences, the splendid ghosts of those who had lived, loved, suffered, triumphed, and died under this roof. The dignity of old centuries was evident in the vital shadows as they drifted from the doorways, windows, walls, to congregate—an expression of the personal history of the house.

'Tis the only room the usurpers seldom come to,' said Sir Roger. Tall and thin, with his sky-blue coat and waistcoat of flowered silk, his wig and slender sword, his high profile and gesture of command, this was their great man. His personality had triumphed over the abandon of death. Beyond him, above the mantelpiece, was his portrait limned in pigments, fading yet effectual.

¹ Copyright in U.S.A., by C. E. Lawrence, 1922.

'That's the 'vantage of books,' cried a parson in his bands, blacks, and bob-wig. 'They keep away the dullards!'

'And they bain't none of 'em scollards,' positively declared Sir Toby, a hunting squire with a broad face speaking of old health and the happiness of defeated bottles.

'Fie, Toby!' cried a gentle dame who once was wooed by D'Orsay. 'A careless diction is worse than the swearing of oaths.'

'Scholars then, sweet Lucy! But we called 'em scollards in my day. You see, my lady, I'm of an older generation than you. Older? Why, I bussed your granddam on her wedding-day. I recollect her pretty blushing, and the old coach she travelled in; the postilions in Dartry blue. And I recollect when our stables were built. Now they're dead too! No hosses! Only things made to go with a handle—iron things, rumbly, noisy, spitting stench like the devil and bad punch. Faugh! If I cannot get hoofs, give me boots!'

The huntsman, slapping his leggings with a noiseless whip, strode to the fireplace to borrow from Sir Roger a thumbful of invisible snuff.

'Heigh!' sighed Lady Lucy, shaking her ringlets. 'Better the final forgetfulness, the dust that so many we once knew have come to, than this haunting of the home of our family pride, to find it held by people with no pride, or manners, or love of beauty . . .'

Her gentle diatribe—she had always been sentimental—was interrupted by the parson.

'Our old chantry; they have turned it into what they call a smoking-room!'

'And the stories they tell there!' cried Sir Toby, using the better diction—'just what we told——'

'Oh, fie!' again interrupted Lucy, with her Early Victorian proprieties.

'Nay, my lady; their stories have snigger without the blood which comes of fresh air!'

'You have told of the chantry,' intervened Ensign Richard—killed by a sword-thrust in a charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo. 'These upstarts have spoilt many things else. Visit the Lime Walk! The place was sacred to me because there I kissed a wench only a se'nnight before I joined Picton. The moon was at the full, a nightingale was singing. I was young——'

'And are no older now, Dick, with a hundred years gone, and your Boney a ghost like ourselves—following a phantom star at Fontainebleau.'

'Great-uncle, you are always right.' The inalterable youth in his shadowy scarlet bowed. 'I vow that I wish they had built anything there—anything rather than leave it as it is! For I was in the Lime Walk last evening for the first time since. 'Tis weed-grown, a neglected thicket—and there—there, where I kissed Eliza—'

'Eliza! A Dartry to kiss an—Eliza! A wench of the village! Give me a comfit, child!'

Lucy turned abruptly to call to a girl who flitted from the shadows to serve their superlative dame.

'No poetry in all romance can be so melodious as were those syllables—to me!'

'A bumpkin comedy!' declared the parson.

'Nay, coz, a tragedy!' corrected Richard. 'For hearken, my kinsmen! I died in my youth; but she went on living. For forty more years she lived, bore many children to a pedlar, grew broad, large——' He waved his hands in an action remorselessly significant. 'We met again last evening, and——' he faltered.

'I hope you did your duty as a Dartry, sir!' cried Roger.

'I did, Great-uncle! I knelt and kissed her misshapen hand, as if she were still young and beautiful as our love had been; vowed I had cared for no other woman—as is true! Old Father Death caught me too swiftly. But is there greater tragedy, kinsmen, than when one young love lives after t'other young love is dead? Their spirits should never meet! And the Lime Walk is ruined! The full moon may shine——'

'It probably will!' chirped the parson.

'And the nightingale call—in vain! Eliza——'

'The subject has grown maudlin,' quoth Giles Dartry, once a coffee-house philosopher. 'My trouble is more actual than yours, young Dick! I am ridden with a retort, convincing, crushing, that I might have made to the learned Dr. Samuel Johnson, after one of our encounters. He was always dictatorial: he used thunder. So many pretty things I have thought of since, which I might have said!'

'Save them, coz!' cried the parson. 'You will surely meet him again. He belongs to immortality!'

'I have sought him often, through the streets of the coffee-houses. And when we do meet, how can I be sure that my epigram will fit? That lean Boswell, he put me into his book—without giving my name!'

Pasht rose to his feet. A signal! The company, alert, was watching the wonderful cat, their link with the mortal world, and sentinel. He relapsed forthwith into an artful ball of fur, assuming the semblance of sleep.

The door opened; a girl came in rapidly. She switched on the electric light, went to a side-table, picked up the telephone-receiver, all unconscious of the spectral eyes watching her, following her movements, expression, words.

'Geoffrey, come! I have spoken to father. He knows everything . . . You have a special right here . . . I shan't be happy till I see you in your own place . . . Of course, he'll like you at once. Didn't I? . . . Come quickly, and listen—carefully!'

She paused: then kissed emptiness at the mouth of the telephone, sending her exquisite message of love and joy trembling along the line. She was smiling, blushing prettily—as the Lady Lucy's granddam had done some two centuries earlier. Rising, she caught the archness in the eyes of the portrait above the mantelpiece, and laughed in consequence.

'The very image!' she said to the depicted Sir Roger; then kissed her hand to the painting and hurried from the room, blotting the light as she went.

The ghosts were regnant again in the silvery darkness, and animated with a renewed energy of interest; while Pasht abandoned his unscrupulous assumption of sleep and resumed the watchful companionship with those immortal shadows.

'That I was alive again!' sighed Ensign Richard, with an attitude.

'Ha! Your great-uncle was the favoured rival there, Dick!' quoth the parson; while Toby silently roared his great guffaw.

'Nay, nay!' declared Sir Roger, with an elegant wave of hand, and the gesture of the snuff-box. 'But 'tis a pretty maid, with style. Egad! you are not the only one who admires the lady, Dick. She is better than any Lime Walk Eliza, eh? But who is she?'

'My namesake,' answered their Early-Victorian. 'Lucy Higgs! How the plebeian monosyllable spoils the dream! The

daughter and only child of this house—of *him*, that rich Higgs, who makes a spoilt preserve, called jam!’

‘She is pretty enough to be a Dartry,’ declared Giles. ‘The living have all the luck. ’Tis a poor thing being a bachelor—when you’re a ghost!’

‘And another monstrous thing,’ cried Toby, aggrieved. ‘The wench comes into the room, and up go the lights. Out she goes, and out go they. Witchcraft! The devil!’

‘Give me wax candles!’ sighed the chaplain.

‘And t’other witchcraft! Why does she sit at table and talk to yon black daffydilly, call it Geoffrey, and say it had a right here—where only we have rights? It had a kiss, though. Kisses, they never change! I have wandered in the Lime Walk too.’

‘Ha, entereth Tuck!’ interrupted Giles.

Tuck was a deerhound, as stately as the best of his kind. He entered through the unopened door, indifferent to the intervention of wood and brass, and proving all material immaterial. The hound was followed by two—Sir Humphrey Dartry, pompous and portly, effects of his period and prominence in statecraft, with Dorcas, his wife, in a hooped petticoat, flowered and flounced. She advanced with a noiselessly tapping stick and showed in her face a determination which proved how men of rule and leading are themselves often ruled and led.

‘Humphrey here, and the Commons sitting!’ was Roger’s greeting.

The statesman shook a grave parliamentary head.

‘We had mighty faults in the days of Walpole, Fox, and Pitt,’ said he, with the slow deliverance of the responsible chooser of words; ‘but we had manners. New men, new ways; bad ways! Not a single member this day in Parliament was wearing a decent hat—and the manner—the deportment! The hustings were bad enough; they took the cream of the rudeness; but now—I came away . . . So Dorcas and I are visiting the Manor, after thirty years and more. But what has come to it?’ The tone of the question was an impeachment. ‘As we passed the door, I saw a man giving commands. He has not the deportment, not the manner. He had no nose—’ The Dartrys all had noses, and knew it. ‘He was red of face, fat, fuming, without reticence, ha! ill-bred. What does it mean?’ He waved a hand with such extravagance of gesture as suited the oratory of Chatham and Burke.

No ghost of them answered, though all were interested ; even Pasht shared the general concern, though, since Tuck's arrival, he had been uncertain whether the ancient feud between canine and feline was continued in the world of spirits.

' 'Tis the same here as in Parliament, husband,' answered Dorcas. 'New times, other men and other manners. The woman—I suppose, his wife—I vow she was wearing my plum-coloured taffeta made-up for the new fashion. Have the intruders money ?'

'Enough to fill our lake. How else could they be here ?'

'It is profanation. Our day, I had thought, was iniquitous enough,' Humphrey roundly declared. 'Walpole has been vastly blamed for his excellent misuse of public money ; but what is the purchase of votes for a patriotic purpose compared with the personal lavishment that is only a loud greed ?'

'The Manor has fallen into bad hands,' cried Dorcas, her voice pale with a ghostly shrillness. ' 'Tis through Tony's extravagance. It is well he stays in London, haunting a dead Vauxhall. If Anthony had not wasted our money with his gaming and wenches, his duels and drinkings, the Dartrys still would be masters of the Manor. We must drive these people out !'

'Drive them out ?' echoed the Ensign.

'Yes, Richard, we ! These upstarts desecrate the places the Dartrys had hallowed !'

'I've haunted the man,' confessed Toby cheerily. 'I gibbered at him when he was lying awake in the very bed where many of you were born. He said "Filthy claret !" and went to sleep.'

'To haunt anyone, as the ghosts of the ill-bred may do, is not possible to a Dartry,' said Sir Roger, conclusively. 'I could not consent to any of us haunting these intruders. The pride of the Dartrys forbids.'

'But what can we do ?' pleaded Dorcas.

'Endure ! The old word ; the only way. What else can we do, but bear our condition bravely ? Our children lost the Manor and went away sadly. Poverty is not shameful when we see such rich ! But haunt them or anyone ! No ! Better the dust of annihilation, as our Lucy has said.'

'It means unhappiness to those who love the old places.'

'The Lime Walk !' sighed the Ensign.

'The chantry !' added the parson.

'The stables !' cried Toby.

'A fine chestnut was standing by the stable-door,' said Humphrey, then. 'He cantered over the grass in the starlight with the freedom of wings. The rider——'

'Ecod, Humphrey! What?' Toby shouted—with his dimmed voluminous voice. The hint of horse-flesh had sharpened his old-world wits. 'A chestnut, quotha? Nay, in the stables are naught but contraptions of smells and spitfire.'

'A horse is there now,' corroborated Dorcas. 'And the rider, he rode like a Dartry over the grass, as if he knew the old ways.'

'These must be dreams, good Dorcas,' said Roger sadly. 'No mortal Dartry could ride to the door of the Manor. How could he pay a visit to a Higgs?'

Meanwhile, Toby had vanished. Like a candle-flame blown out he was gone—to the stables he loved.

'No Dartry should visit these people! For a Dartry breathing and mortal, to come here, meeting in equality *them*—'tis unpardonable!' The famous nose was up some ten degrees.

'If a Dartry could kiss an Eliza in the Lime Walk!' urged the Lady Lucy.

'Hush, cousin!' protested the Ensign, 'for love may sanctify everything.'

'Love!' quoth Dorcas scornfully. 'If love is the answer——'

She was interrupted by the re-entrance of Toby—through the northern wall.

'True enough! A horse, a right horse: it did my heart good! And I've seen the rider. A Dartry! He's got the nose.'

Pasht of a sudden was alert again, abruptly thereafter to resume the pretence of sleep; while Tuck wagged joyously his shadowy tail.

Lucy Browne was standing by the doorway, her hand on the button of the electric light.

'The moonshine in this room is beautiful,' said one whose voice thrilled the spectres, for a Dartry was speaking.

She flashed on the lights as Geoffrey followed her into the room, to study with rapid interest the heirlooms, pictures, ornaments, bookcases, windows, walls.

'No place so wonderful as home!' he said. 'Wherever we wander this is the only home for a Dartry.'

'Geoffrey, look at that portrait,' said the girl, and took his arm. 'Whom does it resemble?'

Geoffrey looked and laughed. 'We are all alike!' said he.

'That's my great-great-great-grandfather, the very splendid Sir Roger.'

'And it might be yourself in the old dress,' she answered softly, with proud and deep affection in her voice.

'He was a great man, was Roger. He established the family pride, taught us to suffer anything but dishonour. I'm proud of being a Dartry—proud as Lucifer! I suppose that's why we are where we are, out in the wilderness. But I wouldn't change my name and ancestry for all the gold in the Bank. No, by Heaven!' His face glowed; her's glowed, too, because of this pride in him; while the ancestry attendant, less than shadows to his eyes, also were glowing. 'It is a wonderful room,' he went on, and strode to the door and switched off the lights.

The moonlight with its magic came sweeping back . . . The silence was emotional . . . They could hear the music of the owls—and of their hearts.

'When the lights are out,' she whispered, and clung to him closer, femininely flattering his sense of protectiveness, 'I feel—I know—we are not alone—that they are here—the masters of the Manor, the old Dartrys—never forgetting, ever watchful, loving, proud, immortal.'

'And you love this house?' he breathed, forestalling the delicious answer—in the favourite way.

'Every stone of it! Since we came to the Manor I have felt an intruder. It belongs to the Dartrys still; and—they know it! I'm glad you're a Dartry, Geoffrey—one with them!'

'As you will soon be, Lucy, and not the first Lucy Dartry. My great-grandmother was Lucy—there's a miniature of her somewhere here. She was the beauty of the family.'

The shadow-dame, hearing the tribute, beamed invisibly, and blessed the choice of her grandchild.

'If your father consents,' he said.

'I will make him consent.'

Dorcas liked the decision of the words. They rang with the right spirit.

'Kinsmen,' said Sir Roger, 'our blessings on them!'

'Aye,' cried the parson, and raised his pulpit-hand.

'I see generations on generations to come,' murmured the Lady Lucy in her voice of dream. 'We shall live through our children still. The old names will come again, and the Manor be ours for centuries.'

'He will breed horse-flesh.'

'And bring back the wax candles.'

'And restore the Lime Walk.'

'Tis the right ending,' declared Roger finally.

'A happy beginning, too,' said the mortal Geoffrey, all unconscious of his neatly capping the words of his forefather.

Tuck rested a shadowy muzzle on the future master's knee; while Pasht, without affectation, went solidly to sleep.

Again was the silence enchanted. The pools of moonlight drifted along the floor; the owls and the Ensign's deathless nightingale continued their starlit songs; the spirits of the Dartrys gathered closer, closer about the charmed, enraptured couple, and poured on them benediction . . .

THE AUTHORSHIP OF A FINE SONNET.

'Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed ;
 Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain :
 For all our acts to many issues lead ;
 And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,
 Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
 The Lord will fashion, in His own good time,
 (Be this the labourer's proudly-humble creed)
 Such ends as, to His wisdom, fittest chime
 With His vast love's eternal harmonies.
 There is no failure for the good and wise ;
 What though thy seed should fall by the wayside
 And the birds snatch it ;—yet the birds are fed ;
 Or they may bear it far across the tide
 To give rich harvests after thou art dead.'

I do not think anyone will deny that this is a very fine poem. To my thinking it is in substance, if not in strict form, one of the finest sonnets in our language. It can be placed by the side of any one of the best sonnets of Wordsworth or Trench or Mrs. Browning or Rossetti without suffering by the comparison. It expresses and develops one noble idea in direct and simple language, and the dignity of thought moves harmoniously along the musical cadence of every line. Apart from its literary beauty it is remarkable in this, that its author never publicly owned it. Written in 1848 and printed then, it can hardly be said to have been published, for circumstances to be presently related made the number of its readers very small. Sixty-four years passed before it again appeared in type ; and only within the last two years has the material for determining its authorship been revealed.

The history of its production and of the concealment of the name of its author is interesting.

On April 10, 1848, when England was shaking with political and social disturbance, and many believed that the threatened march of the Chartists from Kennington Green to the Houses of Parliament would be the beginning of a revolution, business in the City of London was almost at a stand-still ; a strong force of soldiers garrisoned the Bank of England, and hundreds of special

constables guarded the bridges. It was a false alarm. The undisciplined crowd which marched from Kennington towards Westminster Bridge was resisted, broken up, and scattered, and Chartism never again became a public danger.

The next day a group of Christian Socialists, chief among whom were John M. Ludlow, Frederick Denison Maurice, and Charles Kingsley, sympathising in the main with its political objects, but moved far more deeply by the cruel conditions of industry in many trades, and of the agricultural workers in many parts of the country, met and took counsel together as to the best means of guiding into wholesome channels the reforming energies which were striving to improve the condition of the people. They resolved to appeal to working men by means of a cheap weekly magazine. Maurice was to be editor, and J. W. Parker, the publisher, gave them willing help.

The first number of *Politics for the People* appeared on May 6; sixteen pages of print, price one penny.

It is not surprising that the project failed. Maurice indeed gathered round him a remarkable group of contributors. It included Archbishop Whately, Trench, Stanley, S. G. Osborne, Arthur Helps, James Spedding and John Conington, besides, of course, Charles Kingsley and John Malcolm Ludlow. These names ought to have made the success of any periodical. But for some inscrutable reason the names were suppressed. Only two or three of the editor's articles were signed, and then it was 'A Clergyman'—the most unattractive of pseudonyms. Ludlow, who wrote one-third of the whole matter, for some reason disguised himself as 'J. T.' At the meeting which decided upon the publication, Charles Kingsley found himself on some question of detail in a minority of one, and said that he felt like Lot when he seemed to his sons-in-law as one that mocked. So he adopted the pseudonym of Parson Lot, and even signed with that unsuitable name a couple of long articles on the National Gallery. The end came soon. Four weekly parts and a supplement were issued in May; the same number in June; and in the eleventh number, which appeared on July 1, it was announced that publication would cease at the end of that month. And notice was given that a supplementary number would then be published containing a cover for the collected parts and a title-page. When this final number was issued the promised title-page had on its face simply the words 'Politics for the People,' and on the back, without any

indication of its authorship, the sonnet printed at the head of this article. The circulation of the paper had never been large, and diminished as the weeks went on; and I should think very few of its readers cared to preserve its curious medley of ill-assorted and anonymous articles.

So this fine sonnet came into the literary world unowned and almost unnoticed. Not entirely so, for in the 'Life and Letters of F. J. A. Hort,' published by Macmillan in 1896, there is a letter written by him in 1850 which is of special interest in connexion with the question I am now discussing. He writes to a friend who appears to have met some disappointment: 'Respecting your work in Scotland remember that noble Sonnet by one of the Ragged School Teachers beginning "Not all who seem to fail," etc.' (vol. i. p. 147).

The next reference to it that I can find came nineteen years later; and then the authorship was ascribed to the wrong person.

Henry Kingsley published his novel 'Stretton' in 1869, and at page 177 of the third volume the author, writing in his own person, says:

'Alas, poor lad! There are various ways of doing God's work, and yours was one. Some cursed you for their ruin and curse you yet. You yourself thought you had failed. Yet, as my brother says:

"Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed.
What though the seed be cast by the wayside,
And the birds take it—Yet the birds are fed."

This was a curious error, but the fragmentary character of the quotation, and the inaccuracy of two words, show that the writer had not the text of the sonnet before him and was quoting from an imperfect memory.

At this time Charles Kingsley was living, but had not published any collected edition of his poems. This appeared three years later, and did not contain this sonnet. In a larger volume published in 1913, 'Poems of Charles Kingsley, 1848-1870, Oxford edition'—some miscellaneous poems are added to those included in the 1872 collection. One of these is 'Old and New, A Parable'—two verses in no way remarkable which had appeared in the second number of *Politics for the People*, on May 13, 1848. In the very interesting volumes, 'Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life. Edited by his Wife,' which appeared in 1876,

Mrs. Kingsley states that these two verses were 'the only poem he sent to *Politics for the People*.'

It is easy to conjecture how Henry Kingsley came to make his mistake.

In the volume of his brother's poems published in 1872, there is a section entitled 'Poems connected with 1848-9.' It contains twelve short poems, and the tenth of these is 'On the Death of a certain Journal.' It contains the following lines:

'That roots which parch in burning sand
May bud to flower and fruit again,
'To grace, perchance, a fairer morn
In mightier lands beyond the sea.

Failure? While tide-floods rise and boil
Round cape and isle, in port and cove,
Resistless, star-led from above,
What though our tiny wave recoil?'

These verses undoubtedly refer to *Politics for the People*, and were very likely known to Henry Kingsley, and the word 'failure' and the similarity of thought between these verses and the sonnet may have misled his imperfect memory to attribute to his brother the more important poem.

In *Great Thoughts*, published in London in 1884, the editor inserted under the heading 'Failure' the first two and last five lines of the sonnet, and, probably relying on the statement in 'Stretton,' appended to them the name of Kingsley.

In 1895 Dean Boyle of Salisbury published a very entertaining book of 'Recollections,' and at p. 135 says:

'I heard much during the excitement of the time (1848) from J. Conington of the movement among Maurice and his friends which produced a now forgotten publication, *Politics for the People*. . . . I do not know who wrote the fine sonnet that wound up the little publication, which contained also stirring verses of Conington's and some fine lines of Trench's.'

The sonnet has been familiar to me for over sixty years, and I find it set down in my earliest common-place book, with the name 'Trench' appended to it. I have no doubt that I heard it at the Working Men's College, and that I wrote it down either from memory or from a shorthand note not quite accurately taken.

I am sure I had not a printed copy before me, for the line in parenthesis is omitted, and 'honest' appears instead of 'earnest' in the fourth line. I think I must have been told at the time that Trench was the author, or I should not have put his name to it without adding a questioning note. I am not sure that I then knew that he had contributed to *Politics for the People*, though Maurice or Ludlow may have told me; but I knew that in 1848 he and Maurice had both been professors at King's College, and that there were very close ties of sympathy and friendship between them. But whatever I was told or not told, I was convinced on literary grounds that the sonnet I so greatly admired was written by him. Neither the volume of his collected poems published in 1865, nor the larger edition in two volumes of 1885, nor the 'Poems and Elegiacs' containing nearly seventy poems in sonnet form issued in 1910, contained it, but whoever the author was he had not chosen to make himself known, and the reason or whim which induced this concealment might as probably apply to Trench as to any other. And I was impressed by the strong resemblance between some of the finest of his acknowledged sonnets and this unfathered poem. The dignity of thought, the directness and simplicity of expression, the balanced cadence of the lines, which I have noted as the characteristics of this sonnet, are all of them the essential qualities of the poems which Trench wrote in sonnet form. Of these I take two examples, the well-known sonnets which are to be found at pp. 36 and 72 of the 1865 volume:

'Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hindrance or impediment.
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness were a task
So slight that virtue never could grow strong:
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,
The Imposer's—overburdened thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help ere long.'

RETURNING HOME.

'To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,
 To leave so many lands unvisited,
 To leave so many worthiest books unread,
 Unrealised so many visions bright;—
 Oh! wretched yet inevitable spite
 Of our short span, and we must yield our breath,
 And wrap us in the unfeeling coil of death,
 So much remaining of unproved delight.
 But hush, my soul, and vain regrets, be stilled;
 Find rest in Him who is the complement
 Of whatso'er transcends our mortal doom,
 Of broken hope and frustrated intent;
 In the clear vision and aspect of whom
 All wishes and all longings are fulfilled.'

I think that any other student of literature who will apply to these three sonnets the true test—that of reading them aloud consecutively—will admit that in the absence of positive evidence I was justified in attributing them all to Trench.

I did so in an address which I gave at the Working Men's College on Founders' Day, November 1, 1913, in which I described the difficulty I had experienced in finding the sonnet in print. When the proof of my address came to me for correction for the College Magazine I found a note at the bottom of the page, 'Mr. C. E. Maurice tells us that Professor Conington was the author.—Ed.'

I felt sure that this was a mistake, and at once examined all that remains of Professor Conington's works. In 1872 a volume was published containing the 'Miscellaneous Writings of John Conington, edited by J. A. Symonds.' In the editor's preface he says: 'I have availed myself of nearly everything in print or manuscript except a few early contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. These I believe Mr. Conington would not himself have wished to reprint.' The sonnet is not there; and in the Memoir prefaced to this volume there is no reference to any contribution to *Politics for the People*.

Here again I think the mistake can be explained. In a recent letter to me Mr. C. E. Maurice says: 'I am sure it was from my father that I received the impression that Conington had written the lines in question. Till then I had thought that they were Kingsley's.' The fact is that Conington was a contributor to

Politics for the People. In 1842 he spoke the prize poem on 'Victory' at Rugby School, and in 1848 he was a Professor at King's College. In the fifteenth number of *Politics for the People*, some verses by him appeared without any signature. They began, 'Prophets nor prophets' sons are we.' The discontinuance of the publication had been announced; and the poem, not at all remarkable for merit, was headed, 'L'Envoi.'

It seems clear that the Rev. Mr. Maurice must have thought that his son was referring to these valedictory verses, and that if, as is probable, Charles Kingsley's name was mentioned, he would say 'Oh no! Kingsley did write some verses for us, but Conington wrote the farewell.'

At the dinner which my brethren in the law gave me upon my retirement in July 1914, I quoted the first line of the sonnet in question, and now quite confidently attributed it to Trench. I thereupon received a letter from Mr. Watson Surr, calling my attention to the passage from 'Stretton,' and saying he also had been striving to clear up this question of authorship.

He had sent an enquiry to *Notes and Queries* in January 1904, but no answer had been received. He repeated the enquiry on December 19, 1914, and again no reader of *Notes and Queries* was able to answer the question. So the matter rested for another four years.

When I published the 'Story of My Life' in 1918 I inserted this sonnet as the motto of my later years; and having now no doubt as to its authorship, I appended to it the name of the great Archbishop.

In October 1920, as the Judges and Barristers were assembling at Westminster Abbey for the annual service at the opening of the legal year, Sir Charles Brickdale told me that he had very strong reason for believing that his father, who died in 1894, was the author of the poem, and was good enough to say that he would give me all the information I desired as to his father's writings, and let me examine such materials as he possessed. I have now had the fullest opportunity of doing this, and will state the result.

Matthew Inglett Brickdale, a direct descendant of Sir John Fortescue, the great Lord Chief Justice of the fifteenth century, and collaterally connected with the scarcely less illustrious teacher and counsellor of Elizabeth, was born in 1817, and after passing through Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he

took a second class in classics, became a pupil of Charles H. Bellenden Ker, the famous conveyancer, and was called to the Bar in 1843. John M. Ludlow was a pupil in the same chambers, and was called in the same year. Bellenden Ker was an old friend of Maurice, and was actively associated with him in philanthropic work, which included the carrying on of an evening school for the poor children of the then very crowded neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn. Brickdale joined the group of helpers. He attended the weekly communion which Maurice instituted as the sign and safeguard of their fellowship, and he became a teacher at the ragged school of which Hort spoke in his letter.

In 1848 he was a contributor to *Politics for the People*, although his name does not appear in the list of contributors given by Bishop Stubbs (of Truro) in his little book 'Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement,' or in that contained in the 'Life and Letters' of Maurice, edited by his son Frederick.

I am informed by Sir Charles that his father was keenly interested in literature, especially Shakespeare, Dryden, and the great English classics, of whose works he knew long passages by heart. He was rather a purist as to style, and wrote the review of Dean Alford's 'Queen's English' in the *Edinburgh Review* of July 1864, and two articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, one entitled 'Phonetics,' criticising phonetic spelling (October 1849), and the other on 'Poets and Players' (November 1851). Verses by him appeared in *Fraser* on three occasions, in May 1851, September 1852, and May 1870.

He appears to have been very indifferent as to the preservation of his own compositions, and from the fact that his productions were sometimes signed 'B,' sometimes 'B. B.,' and sometimes 'B. R.,' and in most cases not signed at all, it would seem that he had a desire for literary incognito.

There is now absolutely nothing of importance in his own handwriting, though such fragments as there are cover the whole of his life—the first being three verses written when he was at Westminster School ridiculing the headmaster for his objection to the boat-race between Westminster and Eton, and the last a 'Farewell to the Alps,' written at the close of an autumn holiday a year or two before his death.

In a memorandum which Sir Charles Brickdale has been good enough to send me, and from which I take these details, he says

'My father's surviving near relations—his daughters, his sister-in-law and myself—are all perfectly and absolutely clear that the Sonnet was frequently and distinctly referred to in family conversation as my father's, and no question of doubt ever heard of by any of us. My mother in particular spoke of it to us as "your father's Sonnet in *Politics for the People*" The only thing we are *not* able to say is that he spoke of it to us *himself*. But he was very modest and reticent about his own works, and the same remark applies to many other pieces, both prose and verse, which were preserved by my mother and others, and which we should otherwise never have known about. Some have only been revealed to us in the course of the present enquiry. . . . None of us ever heard of *Politics for the People* except in connection with my father's work in it, of which this Sonnet was always, to us, the most conspicuous feature.

'My father and mother were married thirty-eight years (1856-94) and lived in the closest union of thought and feeling. They were both fond of literature. They both had clear and exact minds. To us who knew them it is incredible that my mother should have been under a misapprehension on the subject, or in fact that she did not obtain her knowledge on the point direct from my father.'

This statement, if it stood alone, would I think be generally considered sufficient to establish Mr. Brickdale's title to the otherwise unclaimed authorship of the sonnet.

It is supported by the contents of two manuscript notebooks which I have had the opportunity of examining; one of them in the handwriting of Mr. Brickdale's sister—Miss Mary Brickdale—who died twenty-seven years ago, and the other in the handwriting of his mother, who died in 1870.

Miss Brickdale's book appears to have been kept for the purpose of preserving her brother's verses, and it contains nineteen poems of varying lengths, four being translations of short pieces from Russian, German, and Italian. Some are dated, and are in order of date, with the exception that a translation from the German dated 1845 has been entered in the book before a poem which was written in 1842. The earliest date given is 1842, and the latest 1854; this can be naturally explained by the fact that Mr. Brickdale married in 1856, and so the constant association with his sister ceased. The sonnet now in question is found in due order of date, and is headed 'Written on the failure of *Politics for the People*.' The collection begins with a poem of about

one hundred and fifty lines entitled 'The Gipsies,' which was written at Oxford in competition for the Newdigate prize. These verses are smooth, but have no special attraction of thought or expression, and may have been hastily or carelessly written.

The more important pieces in the manuscript book refer to his brother Charles, whom he greatly admired and loved, who was a lieutenant in the Navy, and was killed in action on the River Parana in South America in November 1845. A younger brother in the Army was also killed by a fall from his horse in India in the following year. These poems are full of deep feeling and tender and graceful in expression. They do not, however, contain any passages which can throw light on the question of the authorship of the disputed sonnet.

But in this manuscript volume there is one sonnet which there is no reason for doubting to be written by Mr. Brickdale, and for the purpose of comparison I here extract it.

It is headed 'Newman and Sibthorp.'

'Shall he who with firm feet and steady eye
Explores the margin of some dangerous pool,
And marks what ground is safe, what paths are dry,
And maps the paths with plain unerring rule,
That men may pluck the fruits abounding there,
Which just because beyond the line they grew,
The random line which frantic caution drew,
The hungering soul has longed in vain to share;
Shall he be blamed if an unruly few,
Such as there must be, too infirm to lead,
Too rash to follow humbly, blindly brave,
Rush past and plunge into the fatal wave,
Blamed by unworthy sluggards to whose need,
Themselves content to starve, his bounty fain would feed.
1842.'

The 'explorer' of this sonnet who 'with firm feet and steady eye' maps the safe paths 'with unerring rule' was Newman; the rash person who had plunged into the fatal wave was the Rev. P. Sibthorp, who was received into the Roman Catholic Church in November 1841 ('Life of Bishop Wilberforce,' i. 202). The map was not very useful, for Newman himself took the plunge four years later. The obscurity of the last few lines of this poem is in striking contrast to the clearness of the 'Failure' sonnet.

It must, however, be remembered that this sonnet was never

published. Its author was, as his article on Dean Alford's work showed, a severe critic of literary style, and although he permitted his sister to copy it into her book it is very unlikely that he would have allowed it to go forth to the world without correcting at least the obvious fault of the last two lines.

The manuscript book kept by Mrs. Brickdale contains a great many poems by different authors, and it was certainly her habit to copy into it any verses which specially attracted or interested her.

Almost the last entries are two sonnets, 'Newman and Sibthorp' and 'Written on the failure of *Politics for the People*—a periodical, 1848,' and Mrs. Brickdale wrote under each of them the initials 'M. I. B.' These sonnets, which were written in 1842 and 1848, were not entered in this book until many years later, as they follow a poem dated 1867. Neither lady copied from the printed poem, for in each book the last line but one of the sonnet ends with the word 'main' instead of 'tide.' Another piece of evidence on this subject is to be found in a copy of the complete bound volume of *Politics for the People*, now in the possession of Sir Charles Brickdale. It was given to him by the late Mr. J. Savill Vaizey, a well-known conveyancer, who was an old friend of Mr. Brickdale, and had himself been a pupil of Mr. Bellenden Ker, and in 1895, after Mr. Brickdale's death, received from Mr. Bain, the bookseller, then of the Haymarket, the present of this copy of *Politics for the People*.

On the back of the title-page, in the space below the sonnet, he made the following notes :

'The late Mr. M. I. Fortescue-Brickdale (the Fortescue and hyphen were adopted by Mr. Brickdale in 1861) told me the article "Dodman" (pp. 100-102) was by Charles Henry Bellenden Ker.—J. Savill Vaizey, June 1915.'

'Mr. Fortescue-Brickdale also, upon my asking him whether he was not the author of the sonnet, told me that he was.—J. S. V., June 1915.'

Mr. Brickdale and Mr. Vaizey were both men of the highest honour: the one quite incapable of claiming credit for a poem which he had not written; the other by nature and habit scrupulous as to the exact accuracy of any statement he made. But it is to be noted that these entries were made twenty-one years after Mr. Brickdale's death; that Mr. Vaizey was then eighty-five

years of age; and that the conversation to which the note refers may have taken place at any time between 1848 and 1894, and was not recorded until the volume containing the sonnet had been in Mr. Vaizey's possession for twenty years.

The strongest evidence in favour of his authorship of the sonnet I am now discussing came to light just about the time of my conversation with Sir Charles Brickdale. In 1920 a volume appeared entitled 'Christian Socialism, 1848-54,' by the Rev. C. E. Raven, Fellow and Dean of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and in an Appendix a list is given of all the contributors to *Politics for the People*. The history of this list is curious. In 1848 J. W. Parker, the publisher, set down in his copy of the book the initials and pseudonym of the author of each of the articles or poems. This volume was lost, and forty-five years later it was found at an old book-shop in Booksellers Row by Mr. G. J. Gray, the author of a bibliography of Maurice. In the year he found it (1893) Mr. Gray presented it to Mr. Bowes of Cambridge, and when in 1899 Bishop Stubbs (of Truro) wrote his little book on 'Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement' he borrowed this copy from Mr. Bowes, and obtained from it the imperfect list of contributors given in his work. Mr. Brickdale's name is not included, and it is difficult to understand on what authority the Bishop inserted the name of Bishop Thirlwall, who was not a contributor, and was not mentioned in the book he borrowed. This original copy of *Politics for the People* with Mr. Parker's notes appears to have again been lost. But before Mr. Gray sent it to Mr. Bowes he copied these notes into his own volume of the periodical, and Mr. Raven in his book prints the full list. It contains the following entry:

'Brickdale, M. J. (B) Common Objects	98
(verse) The Saving of the Oak	141
Rajah Brooke	149
Special Constables or National Guard	201
Sonnet back of title-page.'	

The attribution to Mr. Brickdale of the verses on 'The Saving of the Oak' at first raised doubt as to the authority of this list, for the poem is not in Miss Brickdale's book, and was not known to any member of the family, and it was signed 'B. B.'

But there appears to be no ground for this doubt. It is said of the old oak that

'The trunk is caverned and its heart is rotten to the core
And the spreading branches give no shade as they were wont
before,'

and it seems that in the village where Mr. Brickdale lived—Newland, near the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire—there is a venerable tree the condition of which these words exactly describe, and which is so remarkable that it is known on the Ordnance Survey map as 'the great Oak of Newland.' Mr. Brickdale signed himself 'Tory Bill' in some letters to the *Christian Socialist*, and it would have been a very appropriate signature to these verses.

In his very interesting article on Rajah Brooke quotations are given from the Rajah's diary, and in one of these the following passage occurs: 'Whatever my fate I know the example will not be thrown away. I know it tends to a good end in his own time.' The phrase may have had an echo in the lines, 'The Lord will fashion, in His own good time, such ends,' etc.

I have now fully and impartially set forth the evidence upon this question, and it appears to me to prove beyond reasonable dispute that Mr. Brickdale was the author of this fine sonnet. I find myself unexpectedly and reluctantly compelled to admit that I was wrong in attributing it to Archbishop Trench.

But this result of the investigation makes the sonnet one of the greatest curiosities in English literature.

That so fine a poem should have so obscure a birth, and that its parentage should remain undetermined for more than seventy years is strange enough.

But it is still more remarkable that it should have been produced in an hour of inspiration by a writer whose other poems show no touch of genius, and who appears to have had no idea of the value of this unique effort of his careless and casual Muse. The wonder is increased when one compares it with the only other sonnet he is known to have written. It is hard to believe that the author of 'Newman and Sibthorp' could have risen to the height of 'Failure,' or that the writer of this noble and dignified poem could have fallen to the inharmonious confusion of the other. But, as I say, the evidence is irresistible.¹

The poem, fine as it is, has one grievous defect. The early lines are full of encouragement to every honest worker. The

¹ It is characteristic, also, that both poems disregard the regular sonnet structure. [Ed.]

earnest purpose and the strenuous toil are assuredly to be rewarded, although the resulting good may fall upon others and not upon himself. With that he may be well content.

Then comes the line,

‘There is no failure for the good and wise’;

and it brings a sudden chill. To the disappointed man who has striven worthily, and frets himself with the thought that failure has come through his unwisdom, there is no comfort in the promise which is made only to the wise. How can he claim to be one of that select company? He knows that his intention has been pure, and his toil courageous, but wisdom is the quality which he feels he sorely lacks, and the splendour of the poet’s promise fades away into nothingness.

The defect is obvious, but it can be easily cured. With no violence to the poet’s thought; with an almost imperceptible change of language; the alteration of two words restores the full meaning of the poem,

‘There is no failure for the good and brave;
What though thy seed should fall by the wayside
And the birds snatch it;—yet the birds are fed;
Or they shall bear it far across the wave,
To give rich harvests after thou art dead.’

I have often quoted the lines in this form, and shall continue to do so. And if the author were to hear of the correction I feel sure he would approve it.

EDWARD CLARKE.

THE PLAIN.

OVER the waves of the shining plain,
 Violet-tinted, a shadow stain,

From a cloud that's swiftly scudding,
 Floats and vanishes : birds blow by
 Swept along in the summer sky.

Far on the blue horizon's rim,
 White and winding, the roads grow dim.

Almost I fancy a salty whiff
 Comes from the tree-crowned chalky cliff,
 And I wait the breakers' thudding.

Ages ago, on the curving plain,
 Burnt by the sun and drenched by rain,

Lived the ancient vanished races—
 Lived and died there, and baked and brewed,
 Ground their grain in the quern, and hewed
 Wood for their woven, wattled walls,
 Pyres and faggots for festivals.

Why, if I listen, their voices still
 Rise from the wind-swept shelving hill
 And the shaded woody places.

Gone are your skin-lined sunken cots,
 Broken your grey and earthen pots,

You old, old, vanished people.
 Only rabbits with furry feet
 Find their way to your hidden street,
 Turn up your slug-shaped pins and clasps,
 Beaten hinges and bronzy hasps.

Surely you're there, and you lie and think
 Stretched on the grass : your queer eyes blink,
 And you stare at Salisbury steeple.

A. F. TROTTER.

PROOF COURIER TO FAMOUS MEN.

IN the summer of 1869 a small boy read an advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph* to the effect that a message-boy was required in a publishers' office. On going secretly to the address given—Strahan & Co., 56 Ludgate Hill—he found that he was one of about thirty applicants. After the usual questions as to his antecedents and references, and the reason for seeking employment when he ought to have been at school, his address was noted, but he was told that in all probability a more robust lad would be selected. That appeared to be the end of the venture; but about ten days later he received an invitation to call again, and then learned that the probity of the chosen one had broken down under a week's trial, and that if the small boy could guarantee to be all that was desirable he could have the position, which carried an emolument of 5s. per week. The boy gave the necessary assurance of a determination to do his best to give satisfaction. Maclaren, the Highland ghillie who acted as foreman over the packers and boys, pointed to a full-bearded young man at a desk as an example of the heights to which the small boy might hope to climb if his performance was as good as his promise and he showed honesty and industry.

On the next Monday morning at eight o'clock the small boy entered upon the duties of his office, and was set to work dusting the stock-shelves and desks until the arrival of the clerical staff an hour later. For the remainder of the day he was occupied in carrying messages and doing odd jobs within and without. There were several other boys who were supposed to be used in turn, but the new arrival appeared to be kept going incessantly on this first day with the object of breaking him in. The end of the day found him dog-tired; although London life moved at a more leisurely pace at that period than it does to-day. The traffic over the granite setts of the streets, being entirely horse-drawn, flowed gently though noisily; and man and boy on business intent hastened slowly.

The London of those days offered considerable temptation to the average boy to loiter. In side turnings off the main thoroughfares there were numerous entertainments to be enjoyed free of

cost by those who had time to spare. There were nigger minstrels, jugglers, happy families with cat, performing birds and mice; vendors of the newest doggerel ballads which, like Autolycus, they sang in order that purchasers might know what they were buying and how to sing it. Similar merchants in pairs sold political litanies, the latest skit upon the Government of the day; one of them reciting the questions solemnly, the other making the responses with a mock gravity that caused roars of laughter. There were Punch-and-Judy shows, of course, wonderful marionette theatres, and after dark galanty shows. Such convenient passing places as Ludgate Circus had not been invented, and the four narrow streets of Fleet, Ludgate, New Bridge and Farringdon met sharply, involving continual traffic confusion and many accidents. Even so, the small boy has seen the greater part of the slender mouth of old Farringdon Street occupied by a troupe of acrobats in spangled 'tights' who, among other feats, mounted each other's shoulders and formed a living pyramid five or six stories high.

Such attractions were provocative of dawdling on the part of message-boys. Possibly, our small boy, being Cockney-born, was somewhat *blasé* and better able to withstand the temptations of the way; anyway, it was soon noted that his journeys were performed with greater expedition than was exhibited by his colleagues; and Mr. Strahan decreed that he was not to be used for ordinary missions, but to be held in reserve for the senior partner's occasions. The other lads were pleased because they felt irked with responsibility when on special messages; the small boy was glad also, because of the distinction implied and the fact that it was accompanied by a 'rise' of a shilling a week. The promotion, of course, had both compensations and drawbacks, and some of the latter stand out in his memory to-day.

Strahan & Co.—consisting of Alexander Strahan and William Isbister—were for that period the most considerable of magazine publishers, in addition to an important book-publishing business. They had *Good Words*, edited by Norman Macleod from its first appearance in 1860 until his death in 1872, and continued by his brother Donald until purchased by the Harmsworths early in this century, when it was converted into a somewhat sensational weekly which soon died. When the small boy—then in middle life—beheld what he considered as the fall of this once fine magazine, a tear rolled down his cheek. Norman Macleod, living in Glasgow,

was not seen in the office frequently, but he came from time to time, and his cheerful presence was made known by the reverberating peals of laughter that issued from Strahan's normally quiet sanctum, where Her Majesty's Chaplain for Scotland sat partially concealed in clouds of tobacco-smoke. Macleod was a man of medium height and generous proportions: a strong contrast to the tall, gaunt figure of Thomas Guthrie, whose commanding presence was of a more austere type than that of Macleod. Guthrie edited *The Sunday Magazine* from its inception in 1865 until his death in 1873. He had always a kindly, suitable greeting for any member of the staff he encountered on those occasions when Isbister piloted him around the departments.

Then there was *The Contemporary Review*, edited by Dean Alford, who was encountered only once by the small boy; and *St. Paul's Magazine*, edited by Anthony Trollope, who was also seen but seldom, though missives had to be taken to him at his office in the old G.P.O. at St.-Martin's-le-Grand. More interesting to the small boy was *Good Words for the Young*, which began in 1870 under the editorship of George Macdonald, but lived only two or three years as it was much in advance of its time. Macdonald lived then on the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and it fell to the small boy's lot frequently to journey thither with proofs and MSS. It was a mission he liked greatly. He had first seen Macdonald coming into the office one day attired in Highland dress—tartan stockings, kilt, sporran, bonnet and all, and his long black beard spreading well over his chest. The boy thought it was a noble figure. This, of course, was not Macdonald's everyday attire, but this day he was attending some public function in the City where the dress was appropriate.

At Hammersmith Macdonald's study was on the first floor front, looking out over the Thames; and here, usually, the small boy came with his packet and message. In spite of the fact that he was occupied in the correction of proofs or the trimming of manuscript, the editor would maintain a kindly, if broken, conversation with the boy. One day he bade the boy sit in a certain position whence he could look up the river over picturesque wharves in the foreground, and past Chiswick to Corney Reach. 'It is one of the finest views in London; and, what is so jolly, they cannot block it out by building!' On another occasion he asked the boy if he played croquet—then a fashionable pastime. The boy had never played. 'Then go down to the garden: my

laddies are playing and they will show you." The boy went down, but he was too shy to make approaches or do more than watch the game between Macdonald's boys and girls, though the elder son invited him to play.

All the boy's missions were not so pleasant. Strahan was somewhat dreamy, and was not always careful to verify the addresses of houses he knew well. On one occasion he had accepted an invitation to dine with John Hullah, the composer of Kingsley's 'Three Fishers,' at his house off Portland Place, to meet some important people. On the day appointed, however, Strahan found that he would be unable to go; and late in the afternoon sent a note by the small boy to express his regret and disappointment. It was in winter, and dusk had already fallen when the messenger struggled to make out the numbers on the big houses. Having found the right one according to the envelope he held, he rang the bell and knocked at the door in turn several times, but failed to get any response. He was in a difficulty; but he knew nothing of the nature of the letter he carried, neither had he been instructed to await a reply. He again verified the agreement of the numbers on the envelope and over the door, and concluding that the servants were out, he consigned the missive to the letter-box.

The next day came trouble. Hullah was greatly annoyed by Strahan's absence, and felt that an affront had been put upon himself and his guests; he wrote to say as much. The boy was called up to Strahan's room and asked what he did with the letter; and the information was sent to Hullah, who instigated a search of the letter-box and the hall, but without result. Hullah, apparently, had some doubt as to Strahan's good faith in the matter, for he insisted that the publisher should bring the culprit along to show the musician how he had disposed of the letter. It turned out that it had been dropped into the letter-box of a house that was to be let furnished. With the aid of the house-agent the letter was recovered, and it showed that Strahan had put the wrong number on it—a ten instead of twelve, or some such change. Hullah gave the boy a severe dressing for his carelessness in not making sure that the house was inhabited before parting with 'so important a letter'; and the cab-ride back to the office was most uncomfortable for the boy, though Strahan refrained from adding any reproaches of his own to those of the irate composer. In truth, the boy remembers nothing but kindness from

each of his employers throughout his long connexion with the firm.

A somewhat similar error was made in the address on a packet of proofs, but with happier results. The packet was marked briefly 'W. B. Rands, Esq., Peckham Rye'; and Strahan merely told the boy to take the train to Rye Lane station. Thence the boy marched along the N.E. side of the Rye and back along the western side scrutinising the brassplates of lawyers, doctors and dentists, and calling at all the plateless houses to ask if Mr. Rands lived there. But none of the inhabitants knew the name; neither did the tradesmen's carmen who were delivering goods on the Rye. At last, as day was wearing to eventide, an intelligent postman was interrogated, and he thought he remembered the name—for, said he, 'it ain't a common name like Smith or Brown; but it isn't up on the Rye.' After a pause for thought he continued, 'I remember, it was when I had the other round; yes! Do you know Choumert Grove?' The boy did not know; so the friendly postman explained its topographical position elaborately, and by the time he had got through he also remembered that Mr. Rands lived at Choumert Cottage in the Grove of the same name: 'and a very nice gentleman he is, too!'

Choumert Grove lay between Rye Lane and the market gardens that, at that date, ran down the hill from Camberwell Grove. The Cottage was found, and Rands himself answered the boy's knock. Apologising for delay, he explained how he had been searching for the author on Peckham Rye. Rands inspected the address on the package and was greatly amused that Strahan should imagine that he lived in a comparatively 'swell' place like the Rye—the abode of well-to-do City men. 'I suspect,' he said, 'that when he came to see me he gave my address to the cabman at the station, and did not trouble to see in which direction he drove. However,' he added, 'I'm glad you have found me; and we are just sitting down to tea, so that's all right. Come along.' So the small boy, very tired, was made to sit down with the Rands family and share their meal in the little parlour. Afterwards, whilst father attended to his proofs, Will was bidden to show his tame jackdaw and Mary her silkworms to the messenger. Rands struck him as an exceedingly kind and gentle soul. He enclosed a note with his proofs, chaffing Strahan about his loose way of directing letters; and when the great little publisher realised the weary trudge he had caused he apologised to the small boy.

William Brighty Rands had published anonymously two clever books for children—'Lilliput Levee' and 'Lilliput Legends'—and the proofs in the packet were of a third volume, 'Lilliput Lectures.' The good quality of his work was rediscovered about a dozen years ago and the books were reprinted. James Payn dubbed him Laureate of the Nursery. He published work of another sort under the pen names of Henry Holbeach and Matthew Browne.

Among the well-known literary men with whom the small boy was brought into slight contact from their more or less frequent calls at the office, were jovial John Stuart Blackie, his long white locks falling over his shoulders; the rather rough-looking poet, Robert Buchanan; Rev. H. R. Haweis, author of 'Music and Morals'; Dr. William Gilbert, father of the more famous Sir W. Schwenck Gilbert, then known chiefly by his 'Bab Ballads' and his contributions to *Fun*. The father was a quiet old gentleman who frequently sat long and patiently, waiting his turn to see Strahan. In addition to several successful novels, he wrote anonymously on social subjects ('Facta non Verba' and 'Contrasts'), and under his own name several stories for young people ('King George's Middy' and 'The Magic Mirror') which were cleverly and whimsically illustrated by 'Bab.' Another familiar caller was the kindly Dutch ex-pastor, John de Liefde, author of 'The Charities of Europe,' and a story-book 'The Postman's Bag.' Frederick Locker, the poet, was often there wearing usually an Inverness cape. The small boy—who had to seek him occasionally in his Victoria Street flat—had an idea that in this garment Locker was copying the greater poet, his friend Tennyson, but the wearing of it was probably due to his delicate health. This was before his second marriage and the attachment of his new wife's name (Lampson) to his own. It was said in the office that he never wrote a poem without wanting to add it to his book ('London Lyrics') and issue a new edition. He was always eager to know how many copies had been sold since his last visit.

On the occasion of the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's for the recovery from illness of the Prince of Wales (1872), the office was crowded with literary and artistic celebrities throughout a long day. All the noted people for whom the firm published had been invited, and many brought friends. The police regulations precluded passage of the street barricades after 8 A.M.; and when the small boy reached '56' he found that many of the guests

had arrived—some, he learned, were there before six o'clock. Notables were all over the house; and when the royal procession passed not only was every window packed with them, but there was an overflow upon the roof and among the chimney-stacks.

The most notable of the firm's clients was Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate; and on several occasions the small boy had to wait upon him. When visiting London it was Tennyson's custom to stay with his friend J. T. Knowles, the architect, editor in turn of the *Contemporary* and *Nineteenth Century Reviews*, at his villa 'The Hollies' on Clapham Common; and there the boy journeyed with proofs or presents of game. In the winter of 1870-71 there was published 'The Window; or the Loves of the Wrens,' with music by Arthur Sullivan. There had been trouble with certain American publishers who had issued pirated editions of Tennyson's works, of which a large number of copies had been recently confiscated by the Customs on arrival in this country. Agents in London had bribed compositors in order to obtain stolen proofs of new work, that it might be cabled to the United States and rushed into publication in advance of the authorised (and royalty-paying) edition. The greatest care was necessary in order to prevent such leakage. One afternoon, Strahan told the small boy that proofs of the new work were promised by the printers for six o'clock. He wished the boy to take them to Mr. Tennyson at once; and he explained the need for the utmost caution and vigilance, as he might be accosted and offered some specious reason for parting with the package. He was to deliver the proofs to no one but Mr. Tennyson. In after years the small boy often wondered why an older messenger had not been selected for such a mission.

At six o'clock there was no sign of the proofs. The staff departed, and only Mr. Strahan and the boy were left in the office. Strahan habitually worked late, and the post-boy for the week remained until eight o'clock in order to post late-fee letters at the General Post Office, or if necessary rush to Euston to post northern letters directly into the travelling post-office on the Scotch mail-train. On this evening the publisher came down from his room several times to enquire about the Tennyson proofs, and about 8.30 he sent the boy out to get some supper. There were then no telephones, so it was impossible to relieve feelings by telling the printers what was thought of them. At last, somewhere about eleven o'clock, the proofs arrived from Bradbury's, and little time was lost in dealing

with them and making up a packet for the author. It was an early winter, and when the boy left Clapham Road station he found a good depth of snow to be waded through and the paths across the Common were obliterated.

Tennyson had been expecting the proofs, and, apparently, had been sitting up and waiting, possibly fearing that the pirates had got hold of them. Anyway, as soon as the young courier was admitted the fine figure of the poet appeared in the hall and rather sharply charged the boy with loitering on his errand. This was a quite tender point with the small boy; so he explained the anxious vigil of Mr. Strahan and himself, and how he had caught the first train possible and had hurried over the snow. The poet had now opened the packet and, apparently, was mollified by the sight of the still damp proofs with their refreshing fragrance of printers' ink: for he said in kindlier tones—

'It's a wintry night, my boy; and you will be glad to have a glass of wine?'

'No, sir; thank you.' The boy by deliberate choice was an abstainer.

'Oh, you'd rather not? Are you a teetotaller?' The boy admitted that he was. Then the poet patted the boy's shoulder lightly, and—

'That's right, my boy; stick to that and you will be glad when you are older. Well, what do you say to a cup of coffee?'

The boy thanked him and said he would be glad to have the coffee. He had it.

It was now too late for trains, and the boy had to find his way 'across country' by way of Brixton to his home on the Peckham border of Camberwell. When, next day, in the office he was settling his travelling expenses with the cashier, he mentioned his encounter with the Laureate, and the cashier exclaimed—'Silly little fool! Refused a glass of wine from Tennyson? Teetotaller or no teetotaller, I'd have had that glass of wine and bragged about it for the rest of my life!'

The small boy was not without some of the smartness of Cockney youth, and he retorted, 'If I want to brag, I can brag about a cup of coffee as well as about a glass of wine'; but the cashier thought it was different.

When Alexander Strahan left the firm (which afterwards changed its style to Isbister & Co.) this particular function of the

small boy ceased. He was getting older and more robust, and was given more important duties, which still enabled him to make acquaintance with the appearance or personality of well-known literary workers, and lasting friendships with several, including Dr. A. H. Japp, Dr. Cunningham Geikie, Mrs. Mayo ('Edward Garrett'), Benjamin Waugh, who founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Among familiar callers at the office in these later years was Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, then active in his crusade for healthy houses. Another frequent visitor was the Rev. J. G. Wood, the popular writer on natural history, who one day played a Frank Bucklandish trick upon some of the staff. He brought with him what he declared to be a rabbit-pie of his own making, and asked the staff for opinions upon his skill as a cook. A number partook of small helpings; and the general verdict was 'excellent.' Then Wood confessed that his rabbits were rats, trapped in the lower regions of the Crystal Palace, where their food was beyond suspicion. One participant, when he heard this, had to retire precipitately and part with his share.

Cunningham Geikie, with whom the boy corresponded at intervals for many years, retired to Bournemouth about 1890, and was very solicitous that the boy should pay him a visit; but the dates that were open for one were never quite convenient for the other. In one of his letters Geikie said he wished to introduce his correspondent to a friend living at Parkstone who desired to know him: he had travelled a good deal and had many things he thought would interest Geikie's friend. This was none other than Alfred Russel Wallace; but Geikie wrote as though he were unaware of the great fame of his neighbour—though this does not seem possible.

With such associations it was, perhaps, not surprising that the boy should develop a bias towards literature; and some early experiments that fell into the hands of his friend Dr. Japp—for many years the firm's reader and adviser—led to the publication of a modest first volume in 1880. It was a proud day, a few years later, when he was invited to write for *Good Words* two articles to complete a quartette that Richard Jefferies had undertaken to contribute; illness had prevented Jefferies from supplying more than two. Thereafter, the boy contributed many articles at intervals.

E. S.

THE TALENT WITH USURY.

BY BERNARD W. HENDERSON, D. LITT.

I. THE CHOIRBOY.

THE Precentor was in the act of divesting himself of surplice and hood when there came a knock at the door.

‘Come in,’ he cried.

A choirboy, himself still white-robed, entered.

‘Please, sir,’ he said, ‘here is your own anthem-book. You left it behind in chapel.’

‘Thanks very much, Jack,’ said the other. ‘Very careless of me to leave it about, specially this last Sunday of term. You sang your solo just now in the Wesley really capitally,’ he added. ‘And tell the other boys that I was very pleased with them too. Their descending thirds in “with a pure heart fervently” were quite perfect. Westminster couldn’t have done better.’

‘Next term,’ he continued, successfully ridding himself at last of the enveloping surplice and contentedly looking for his pipe, ‘I have a special solo for you for Eights Week Sunday. It is called “With Verdure Clad,” and the full choir follows on with “The Heavens are telling.” We have never done it yet here in College, but I think we should be able to tackle it now.’

‘Who is it by, sir?’ asked the boy.

‘Old Joseph Haydn,’ the Precentor answered. ‘Papa Haydn, as Mozart used to call him. You know—the “*Insanae et vanae curae*” man. He was nearly seventy when he wrote “The Creation.” And this air in it is one of the loveliest ever written. Your voice is just at its best now, and I want to hear you in this solo specially. I’m sure you will love it too. And I have known Exeter Chapel so full on Sunday evening in Eights Week that you couldn’t squeeze another chair or person in anywhere. So we must do our best that day.’

The boy lingered in the room, nervously fiddling with the cover of the anthem-book as it lay on the table.

‘Anything else, Jack?’ the Don asked.

'O sir,' said the boy, 'do you think I could go in for music altogether when I grow up?'

The Precentor took rapid notice of the flushed and excited face.

'What do your parents say about it?' he queried.

'Will you go and talk to them, sir?' pleaded the boy. Then, taking his courage in both hands, he poured out his whole story as a nervous boy—the barriers of reticence once down—will once in a while venture to do. His father wanted him to leave Oxford as soon as his voice broke—after the summer he expected—and had put his name down for the *Conway*, so as to get him a first-class berth later on as officer in the Mercantile Marine—C.P.O.S. perhaps, if he were lucky. That was all very well, but he himself was most frightfully keen on music.

'You see, sir,' he went on, 'it isn't that I mind the *Conway* a bit. I should love the rugger and the rowing and the swimming, and I don't mind roughing it when it comes to going to sea. I expect I'd get on all right. But it's just the music. I've learnt a lot about it ever since I've been in the choir here, and I've been having organ lessons the last three years. And I've written some songs and hymn tunes, and two oratorios as well,' he added, rather shyly.

'Something like!' said the Precentor smiling, as the boy paused. 'I should like to see them if you will bring them round to me one day. What were the oratorios about?'

'The first was "Jerusalem,"' the youngster answered. 'That was quite easy to make up, because the word came such a lot of times in the Concordance. Then I set to work on "John,"—that was number two, and it is just finished. Part One is John the Baptist, and Part Two is John the Apostle. There are some gorgeous words for music in the Revelation—simply ripping ones.'

'With a unity of conception literally nominal,' murmured the Precentor to himself, careful lest the boy should hear him.

'Well, but what is your idea then, Jack,' he asked, 'if it isn't to be the *Conway*?'

'I'd stop on at the High School here, sir,' the boy answered, 'till I was old enough for the Royal College, and go on with the organ lessons, and have some harmony and counterpoint as well, if you would fix this up for me. Then, after the Royal College I want frightfully to come back to College here as Organ Scholar. And when that was done I'd get a Cathedral post somewhere. O sir, I've all sorts of ideas if I may go for music! Will you go

and talk to father and mother about it? I'm half afraid pater will be awfully sick at first at the plan, but he will listen to you all right, and you will try to talk him round, won't you, sir?' he pleaded hopefully.

The Precentor hesitated.

'But I am not quite sure that it is a very wise notion,' he said. 'You see, Jack, you can't earn much of a living these days at music, not even if you turned out to be quite first-class at it, and it is a little early to judge as yet. And, besides, your voice, worse luck, can't last very much longer, and you have to decide about the *Conway* for next September or you will be getting too old. Let me see—you are fourteen this month, aren't you?'

The boy nodded. By a great effort he seemed to be mastering a breakdown.

'And,' the other continued hurriedly, affecting not to notice the battle with the threatening tears, 'there never has been much of a living in music, you know. Some of the very greatest musicians had a desperate struggle with poverty all their lives.'

'But look at Elgar and Stanford and Parry, and—and—lots of others,' the boy objected bravely. 'They make any amount, don't they?'

'Not such large amounts, perhaps,' said the Precentor, smiling. 'And lots of the lots had rather a rough time, I fancy.'

'Then there was that other solo boy here you told me about,' pleaded the boy, still fighting. 'You know, the choirboy who went from here to the *Conway* before the war, and was middy R.N.R., and at the Falkland Islands battle. Didn't he, though, give up the sea, when peace came, for the sake of music?'

'Yes,' the Don answered, 'that is so. But then his health was not very good. And it remains to be seen—'

'Well, anyway,' he broke off, 'I will come and have a talk with your parents one afternoon next week; but don't you count too much upon it.'

'Thanks awfully, sir,' said the boy, gratefully. 'Isn't that a new portrait you've got?' he continued, with a boy's desire to be quit of an awkward topic when all that can be said about it has been said.

'Yes,' answered the other, 'what do you think of it? It is a likeness of Mozart when he was just your age. Isn't it a jolly picture? And it isn't in Otto Jahn's "*Life*," either.'

'Is that a book, sir?' the boy asked.

'Why, yes,' the Precentor answered. 'I have talked such a lot to you about my favourite Mozart that I thought I must have shown you the famous "Life" of him written by Otto Jahn. There is actually a portrait of Mozart on the wall there which came from Otto Jahn's library. And there are the three fat volumes of his "Life of Mozart,"' he added, pointing to a book-shelf. 'They are the English translation, and, do you know, I believe I like them the best of all my books, just because when I was a schoolboy of your age I started saving up my weekly pocket-money for months and months to get enough to buy this book with it. Then Christmas came—so I was able to get all three volumes at once. I was proud.'

'But it all makes me think doubtfully about your plan, Jack,' he added gravely. 'For Mozart, you know, is just the greatest and the loveliest musician of them all, and he died quite young and very poor and in much misery. One day I will tell you more about him. But it is time to say good-night now.'

'Good-night, sir, and thanks very much,' the boy answered.

II. FRAGMENTS OF THREE LETTERS.

(a) *From Anna Welzheim to Madam Susan Langport, of London City.*

'SALZBURG, May: 1763.

'... His Grace the Lord Archbishop was in a better temper this midday. The new Mass by our Vice-Capellmeister, Herr Leopold Mozart, had pleased him, and he opined that he was getting a good return for the miserable pittance which he pays by way of stipend to the poor fellow. In fact the Mass was of merit. Not that the singing here can, to my thinking, compare with that you gave me the hearing of last year, the singing boys of Paul's Church in your London city. How could it, when we have but half a dozen tired, worn-out voices of the Lord Archbishop's choir perched up aloft in that small gallery to sing all the music of the Mass? Who comes to our Salzburg for Church music had had more sense had he stayed at home. But to-day Fräulein Kaster, of the Vienna Opera, gave her services—the worthy Herr Leopold besought her with tears in his eyes—and the 'Incarnatus' was thus worthily rendered, with many an Italian trill and turn, 'tis true, and not simply, as your English boy might have sung it; but that is not our way. Italy reigns supreme over our German music. 'Tis a happy thing, that, for we are but a stodgy folk with little ear for music by nature, methinks.

'So the new Mass went well, and the Herr Leopold was greeted warmly for it. In faith it is melodious. If his small son Wolfgang, who they say is a musical prodigy—just seven years of age he is—take after his father we shall have some lovely tunes in Salzburg yet. When the Mass was done, the urchin, who was in the minstrels' gallery, clambered on his father's knee. "*My Mass shall be in G,*" quoth he; "*C major I like not so well.* Perchance A would be still better, but Herr Puffel singeth ever his sharps below the pitch." The impudence of the little fellow! All this with a face as serious as had he been Vice-Capellmeister himself.

'This calls me to mind that of which I meant mainly to write to you. At midday I was waiting on his Grace when there was a knock upon the door and there appears Herr Leopold Mozart, very humbly, craving leave of absence yet again (he hath already been twice away on tour). He desireth to take once more his two darlings, Anna the girl, and the boy Wolfgang, to show their music at—where do you suppose? No shorter a journey than Munich *and* Brussels *and* Paris *and* London, if you please. I was downright affrighted, but, to my wonder, the Archbishop was complacency itself.

"When would you be back?" asked he.

'Leopold had worked it all out carefully. His Grace saw no particular objection. The musicians would do credit, he trusted, to their Patron in all these famous cities. "Of course the Vice-Capellmeister would expect no salary during his absence? In fact, his Grace might even suggest that he paid something at least to whoso should take his place while he was away?"

'The Lord Archbishop at this paused questioningly. Poor Herr Leopold, who is as poverty-stricken, you know, as all our musicians always are, had the sense to hold his tongue. He is taking his two prodigies on tour to earn money as well as fame, I think. At least he hopes for this, sanguine fellow that he is.

'Well, continued his Grace presently, he would not press that point. "Herr Mozart might start upon his travels as soon as he pleased. He himself was leaving Salzburg for some months' stay at the Imperial Court very shortly, so that the music at the Cathedral could very conveniently be curtailed. He wished Herr Mozart good morning."

'Herr Leopold bowed profoundly, and made to go.

"Remember though," added our Lord the Archbishop very sharply, "you belong to Salzburg all the time, you *and* your boy in due course, if he turns out of any use. Make no mistake concerning that! I have not paid you for your music all these years and promoted you of late to have you running off to Germany or to England, that accursed land of heretics, and stopping there.

You and your boy are to come back here speedily, and do what you are bid ; make very sure of that."

' With eager protestations of unshakable loyalty to his Grace, as the Court papers say, Herr Vice-Capellmeister Leopold Mozart bowed himself out of the Archiepiscopal Presence.

' Don't you think I could write Court news for St. James's? But this is the point. If the father and the two children *do* arrive in London, do you not only go to hear them but also, for my sake, do them any kindness you can. Girl prodigies of course come to nothing, and most boy marvels lose all their interest for the public as soon as ever they cease to be children, and their music blows out like a candle. But the small lad Wolfgang is really a delightful, serious, snub-nosed child, and he will ravish you with his playing alike on harpsichord and any pair of organs he can set his small feet to. Give him a kiss from me if you manage to come to talk with him in London city.

' My cousin, Herr Rohden, whom you remember, travelleth now to England, and beareth with him this letter. Ask him not, however, concerning our Salzburg music. He is a true Salzburger, and sees no profit, he says, in any such noises.'

(b) *From Madam Susan Langport to Frau Anna Welzheim of Salzburg.*

' BREAD STREET, CHEPESIDE, LONDON: June, 1764.

' . . . I have made acquaintance of your Wolfgang child, as you bade me, or rather my boy Ernest has, in a right curious fashion. We all had heard much of Herr Mozart and his children, and how that the little boy had won veritable triumphs in half the cities of Europe or ever he came here, where he captured the Royal Court as quickly by his playing. But I myself saw him not for many weeks, until there came this Sunday last, when I fared as of wont to Paul's Church. My son is leader now of the singing boys here—it rejoices me that you call the music of it still to mind, and I warrant you would find it no worse to-day. It fell now to my boy's part to sing solo of an anthem by our glorious maestro Handel, who, to our sorrow, hath lately passed away, full of years and honour. In front of me, as I sate in church to hearken him, hard up under the chancel rails I saw the little stranger with his father, as I suppose. Tell not the Lord Archbishop Sigismund of his servant's attendance at such heretical worship, I pray you. In very truth, Herr Leopold looked uneasy. He must be, methinks, a strait-laced, orthodox fellow with you at home. There too was your Wolfgang, for ever jerking up and down and playing with

the border of his fine embroidered coat, till I feared me that the crabbed old verger John Newman would hale him presently out incontinent from church. But then at last came the Handel music and my boy's singing therein, and then sate your urchin still indeed, and methought I saw great tears come rolling down his cheeks. And when 'twas finished, he stayed ever motionless while the Dean gave his blessing and the folk began departing. Then presently there came the singing boys streaming away down side aisle towards the great north door. On a sudden up jumps small master Wolfgang and runs at top speed and flings his arms round Ernest's neck and kisses him there in the church before them all. I warrant you my boy blushed up scarlet at it. But he was kind to the child, and put his arm around him. "Wouldest like to come and see our organ?" quoth he. So he took off the small boy up to the Doctor Jones as he sate there playing to the few who stayed to listen. On a sudden the music ceased and then began again, and there was the little foreigner with hands upon the keys, though his feet reached not near the great pedals. Notwithstanding, he made a brave show of music to our delight.

'My boy Ernest asketh me what he himself shall do when, alas! his voice serveth him no longer, as must soon befall. What think you? Shall he study music with the learned Doctor? But methinks, crowded though all things are these days, 'twere better I apprenticed him to some good honest trade than trust to the chances of the fickle jade music.

'Better for your little Wolfgang too, I misdoubt me, genius though perhaps he be, than that he should be slave to a pury ecclesiastic for the barest living wage! Will you cry fie on me for this? But we English always have a thought for board and lodging rather than for music and her rare delights. Bethink you of our thrifty Scottish neighbours too. Never a single musician have they produced, no, nor ever will, while they chase for ever after money. Let your Herr Mozart be wise for his little son in time. . . .'

(c) *From Franz Süssmayr to Mr. Thomas Attwood of London.*

'VIENNA: Dec., 1791.

' . . . I am but just returned from the Master's melancholy burying. You were his one and only English pupil, some five or six years since, I think, and will desire to know the story briefly. . . .

'So the *Zauberflöte* was a triumph, and will surely be immortal. But he was sorely overwrought and overstrained these last few

weeks. He knew not how glorious was his success. Ever too Frau Mozart, so ailing and sickly is she, was crying on him for money, and it was always hard for the Master to come by that. He toiled ever passionately at his *Requiem*, which the weird masked stranger had commanded of him, and the fever grew. 'Twas for himself he wrote it, he cried.

'Shortly after midnight yesterday came the end. All the day had I been at his bedside, he showing me ever the score and how he willed that it should go. 'Twas in the "Lachrymosa" at the words "homo reus" that his pen stopped. These are the last notes that ever he wrote on earth. 'Tis I, perchance, will finish it, for 'tis paid for already and the widow and the two boys have not the wherewithal to repay. I fear they will be in sore straits of poverty without this. When then the *Requiem* reaches you in London town, as it surely shortly will, turn you to the "Lachrymosa" where first the minor passeth into the major key. This is Heaven's true recompense for earth's misery. Lovelier melody never sprang yet out of the clouds of darkness than doth this sudden change. 'Tis his, all his own. He had shown me, as he lay dying, how it should change just there. Then comes the minor again, and the light shines no more. But though after years may give the music here to Süßmayr, rest well assured 'tis not his, but Mozart in very truth.

'We bore his body to-day to Stephen's Church, and he not yet thirty-six years of age. Thence it was carried to St. Mark's burying yard. Yet such was the snow and the fury of the tempest that we went not further beyond the church. He lieth in an unmarked common grave. There was no money for aught else. The widow rested ill in the house. She will hardly find the grave, with none to show it her.

'Such reward gives music to her children! I tremble at the thought—yet must not we two, the Master's pupils, still abide faithful to music's call? His touch may light upon our music yet. Saith not Holy Writ of such as he that their name liveth for evermore? Yet the name may live, but how can the body if it starve? And the Master lies at rest in a pauper's grave!

'Commend me and his memory to the singing boys of yours concerning whom you wrote to me. But consider ever heedfully lest you set any rashly upon the path our Master trod, should you ever come to be organist at Paul's Church or that Royal Chapel wherein as a child your first love of music itself began. The snow rageth furiously outside my window as I write this. Would you turn out a boy hungry to face so grim a night? Doth music deal more kindly with many of her children?

'O Mozart—the angels crowd round thee in heaven and thou

writest music for the heavenly quires. But we mourn vainly for thee on earth, and thine own little sons lack even livelihood.'

III. THE CHOICE.

The Don, Precentor no longer, climbed the stairs grimly to his room. This modern craze for archaic, ugly music, he reflected, was wrecking the choir and its singing. Why should the College continue hiring boys to such miserable results?

On the table in his room lay a letter. He picked it up with a half laugh. Jack, at least, had chosen wisely after all.

'H.M.S. "CONWAY," Dec., 192-.

'DEAR SIR,—It is blowing hard, and we only just managed to get over from the Ferry this afternoon after the match without getting swamped. We had a rare scrimmage with Birkenhead in it and scored them off, eight points to nil. The kids of my top beat the others' third fifteen handsomely too. I shall have to let their captain off a whacking I promised him for ink-slinging, I expect.

'We are practising hard for the concert next week. It won't be a bad show. Can't you come up for it? It would be ripping to show you round. You paid a visit once to the other fellow here, you know. And I am getting on now near the end of my time. It's more than two years since I left the choir. There are moments when I half wish I was back in Oxford again. Wasn't I just crazy on music then? You really were partly to blame, sir, with all your talk of Haydn and Mozart and Parry and Walford Davies and wonderful music and King's Chapel at Cambridge and all the rest of it. I'm only jesting, still I did love it all. But I was just a silly kid two years ago, and I'm jolly glad my pater held out firmly. I'm going for the C.P.O.S. when I leave here. Some chance of a living there even in these days. I'll get my ticket in three years. Only your birds can afford to be musicians, I think, sir.

'Have you seen about the wreck of the *Senegal*? My old cadet captain, Dick, you know, was on her. Lots were drowned, but he was picked up. He must have had a frightfully exciting time, the lucky beggar.

'Ever yours,
'JACK.'

IRISH SOLDIERS AND IRISH BRIGADES

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE Four Courts have gone the way of Gandon's other masterpiece, the Custom House, and Dublin makes a great cry over these self-inflicted losses, which are the graver because they destroy links with a great tradition. Yet I would have gladly given the Four Courts to flames in order to preserve the continuous existence of those historic Irish regiments, living monuments which have been swept into the limbo of things discarded and outworn. They were while they lived the best means of bringing together Irishmen of different creeds and factions in a common comradeship. Happily the Northern Government has saved three of them; and every soldier knows that in the Inniskilling Fusiliers, Royal Irish Fusiliers (the Faugh-a-ballaghs), and even in what are now to be known as the Ulster Rifles, Catholics and Protestants were always mixed on equal terms in the ranks and generally in equal numbers; and so they always will be. In the regiments that have vanished or are vanishing there was the same perfect equality of comradeship, though of course the bulk of the men were of the older religion—as, on the whole, the bulk of the Irish rank and file has always been. The valour, the special kind of valour, which after an early action on the Somme caused a famous military critic to speak of the Irish as still the best 'missile troops' in the British service, has been mainly that of the native Irish race, which is of course mainly Catholic. But the Irish military leaders who have chiefly distinguished themselves in that service have been, at least until quite lately, of the later immigrant stock. From Wellington to Roberts there is a line of Irish Protestant names, some of which—notably Gough—reappeared in the last war. There have been, of course, distinguished Catholic officers: I knew a charming old general, Sir Luke O'Connor, who got his V.C. in the Crimea, and got it in the ranks; his religion did not stop his advancement. But certainly in the Napoleonic wars, the military career was not fully open to Irish Catholics in the British Army; I am not sure that it ever was during the nineteenth century. Social influences were very strong and social influences were not propitious to Irish

Catholics. A tradition which had passed into an instinct came down from that period when the Irish Catholic was held so dangerous that he was not allowed to serve at all, and if he wanted to soldier must soldier in some of the Continental armies. In the eighteenth century an incredible number made that choice. An historian, who based himself on the French War Office records, declared that 450,000 Irish fell in the service of France in the half-century which ended with the battle of Fontenoy in 1745. Lecky will not accept the figure, but admits that a competent investigator reviewed the matter and concluded that it was a correct estimate. There were in truth causes at work which made at least some enormous figure fully intelligible; the history of the Irish brigades is curious and romantic, but it has a sinister background.

Paradoxically enough, the Irish as a people have never been a military people. The earliest record shows them as a nation of warriors like the early Greeks,—living, some two thousand years ago, in a state of society not unlike that which Homer describes. But the Irish never managed to pass from the state of being warriors into that of being soldiers; they never made a stable military organisation. Something of the sort was attempted just before the dawn of the historic period: for the latest phase of Irish traditional epic is occupied with the deeds of Finn MacCool and of the Fianna, of whom he was chief. There is no more doubt that Finn and the Fianna existed than that Troy was besieged: and it is perfectly clear that this organisation was a standing army kept permanently on foot, and that its creation, some three centuries after Christ, was connected with the growth of a central monarchy, the high kingship. There is a mass of legend about Finn and his companions which is the work of fancy, but chronicle is quite clear on one fact: the Fianna revolted against the high king, presumably to set up a military dictatorship, and the high king smashed them in a desperate battle, where he himself fell. After this, there were no more Fianna, there was no more standing army; and consequently the central monarchy never became a strong power. Ireland went back into the stage in which every man was liable to have to fight and nobody was a soldier; in which the King of Ireland commanded only occasional levies that he must call out from civil life when he needed to exercise authority over subordinate rulers who could call out precisely similar forces against him. Ireland remained in that state when the rest of Europe was emerging from it—because, as I hold, Ireland was not

a military nation. But there were always men in Ireland who had an aptitude for the military life, and, after the time of the Fianna, if they wanted to follow their vocation, they must go out of Ireland. It seems that very shortly after the period of this early essay in militarism, they did so.

Up to the fifth century Rome was still a great military power, employing vast numbers of 'soldiers' in the strict sense—that is, paid men under a professional discipline. It is suggested that the organisation of the Fianna was based on knowledge of Roman war. They were disciplined foot soldiers who replaced the previous loose array of chariot fighters like those whom Homer describes or those whom Caesar met in Britain. Just in the same way, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a negro chief studied British tactics and created the Zulu impi which revolutionised native warfare in South Africa. Even after the Fianna were disbanded, the Irish remained for a century or so still predatory and formidable; the Romans in the last stages of their world empire had unpleasant experience of the Scotti, as they called the inhabitants of Ireland. But decadent Rome always sought defenders among her foes, and the first Irish Brigade of which there is record was in the Roman service. Latin inscriptions found on the ancient Roman frontier record the death of this and that member of the 'Primi Scotti'—as who should say, 'First Irish Guards.' So far back as that, we were helping to hold the Germans on the line of the Rhine.

But in one of their raids the Scotti captured a Roman boy, probably in South Wales, who in the latter end subjugated his captors, for he was Saint Patrick. Christianised Ireland ceased to be predatory, and from the fifth century to the ninth its concern was not chiefly with war.

Throughout the ninth and tenth centuries it had to fight for its life against the Norse, and did ultimately succeed in getting them under. This was a desperate task and neither England nor France was successful in it. The conflict left Ireland politically shattered: Brian Boru, who finally beat the Danes in 1014, had broken up the traditional monarchy to put himself in power; and in the twelfth century there descended upon Ireland, with its loose organisation of warriors, a small body of soldiers having the highest military equipment of their day, which struck terror by its completeness. The Norman knight in full armour bore about the same relation to Irish axemen and spearmen as a tank to a rifle-

man; and moreover he was accompanied by archers, and he understood the erection of blockhouses to hold what he won. War in fact became professional, and professionalism in war was slowly imposed on the Irish people and their ruler. For defence they were driven at last to hire trained soldiers from the Gaels of Scotland, and the Englishing of the Irish name for these is galloglasses—which means ‘foreign soldiers.’ But soon the Irish developed galloglasses of their own, and certain kindreds made it a hereditary trade to be soldiers—for instance, the McSwineys or Sweeneys in Donegal. When things were dull in the North, some of them sought employ in the South, and there were McSwiney galloglasses in County Cork, from whom, no doubt, was descended the Lord Mayor who faced death in quite another kind of warfare, leading hunger-strikers in a fast of some eighty days.

Yet, though before long every petty ruler had his galloglasses, the political instincts of Ireland prevented all effective military organisation. At any time during the Wars of the Roses, the Irish could have driven the English out, if they had been able to undertake coherent operations lasting for even a year continuously. They did not ever seriously make the attempt. In fighting, they held their own perfectly well, but not in military organisation. When gunpowder and especially when cannon came into the question, advantage accumulated to the one strong state which could buy these equipments, and against the many small states which could not. Probably the consciousness of possessing this superiority was the real cause which determined England’s change of policy in the sixteenth century. The Reformation offered a plea; yet the deliberate policy of exterminating Irishmen from a tract of country and settling it with English was begun under the Catholic Queen Mary, who departed from her father’s policy of winning Ireland by turning Irish rulers into earls and barons, accepting their rank from the Crown. When Elizabeth’s reign opened, Irishmen must have known already that they were fighting for the right to live, and not merely for that of adhering to their own religion. But the two issues were involved, and in the last years of Elizabeth’s reign the actual conquest of Ireland was completed by war of the most scientific and modern type, for it starved out the entire population. It was the conquest of one race by another, of one religion by another; and the conquering race, marked off still more sharply by its religion, was determined to keep the conquered down. That the conquerors were in a

small minority of the population, and possessed most of the land, strengthened this resolve. These facts lie at the base of the history of all modern Irish Brigades in foreign service.

That history dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. When Hugh O'Neill and Rory O'Donnell, Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, fled from Ireland in 1608, they went to Flanders and found O'Neill's son there, at the head of an Irish regiment in the Spanish service. During the last two centuries in which Gael and Englishman contended for mastery, a class had grown up belonging to the ruling Gaelic families in Ireland (as also in Scotland) who were simply swordsmen, thinking that there was no trade open to them but to fight. When James I became sovereign of an exhausted and submissive Ireland, these men found their occupation gone, and James's counsellors did nothing to hamper their departure. Later on, when the existence of this class was recognised as a danger, and it was thought undesirable that they should reinforce the armies of Catholic powers bearing enmity to Protestant England, a definite official attempt was made to enrol them for the Swedish service. But it did not prosper, and those who were enlisted deserted in droves. Another plan was then adopted, and recruiting under Government patronage began for the King of Poland, who was indeed a Catholic monarch but wanted men to fight the Turks. James and his advisers thought that there was no objection to this employment of their superfluous subjects. But meanwhile O'Neills, O'Donnells, and men from the old Catholic families of the English Pale had established themselves in the armies of France, Spain, and Austria, and they drew their kindred to themselves. Whilst Charles I reigned, recruiting officers from these countries came over regularly, and the practice, first connived at, was at last openly recognised—though its danger was perceived long before the Great Rebellion of 1641 brought it into realisation. Owen Roe O'Neill of the great Tyrone house came back to Ireland from Flanders in 1642 with a reputation already made which he amply sustained in his own country. He is the first native Irishman whom we can regard as an accomplished European of the modern world, and his time shows no better type of civilisation. He defeated Munro, an able soldier, though Munro had the advantage both of numbers and equipment; and though he died before the opportunity came for him to face Cromwell, one of his kinsmen and officers, trained in the same school, inflicted a heavy reverse on the Protector at

Clonmel. When those appalling twelve years of war ended in 1652, and Ireland was again bled white, the victors used every endeavour in their power to get the remnants of Ireland's fighting men out of Ireland. Leader after leader was encouraged to surrender on the terms that he and his men should be conveyed to the Continent—where there were plenty of buyers for cannon fodder. Then, after the Restoration, there came under James II the attempt to put Ireland into Catholic hands. The struggle was decided not at the Boyne, but at battles after James had fled from Ireland; it ended in 1691 with the Treaty of Limerick. Almost the only clause in that covenant which was kept was one that England had no wish to violate. Sarsfield was allowed to march out with eleven thousand armed men who followed him across the seas into the French service, where he and probably most who accompanied him died gloriously. How it might have gone had the Treaty been observed and reasonable toleration accorded to Irish Catholics in their own country, no one can say; but the Treaty became a scrap of dishonoured paper, and in an aristocratic age no Irish Catholic could have in Ireland the position of a gentleman. One instance is eloquent. Very few indeed were those Irish who changed their religion to save their estates; but at least one, a Taaffe, became a Protestant in order to fight a duel—no Catholic being permitted to wear a sword. The reason why throughout the eighteenth century—that is, the period of the penal laws—Ireland found no leader of her own breed, is that the Catholic gentry as a class forsook a country in which they could not have the rights of their birth; and naturally, to increase their own influence, they drew after them all those to whom that influence extended.

Once you detach an Irishman from his land, no human being is more easily made into a soldier. During the period when the Irish brigades were most famous, everything was done that could be done to deny to the Catholic Irishman at home all advantage of ownership, all sense of ownership, all possibility of ownership in land. The land system which developed in Ireland throughout the eighteenth century was well designed to fill the ranks of those who had their crowning glory when at Fontenoy the charge of Clare's Brigade snatched away the victory which English valour had virtually won.

That episode is too well known for more than passing mention, but one tragic encounter of these wars should be remembered,

for it helps to realisation of the facts. At Fontenoy (as at Dettingen where George II, no bad judge of courage, saw the Irish charge and cursed the laws which 'deprived him of such subjects') there were Irish on both sides. Among the five Irish regiments now being disbanded is the oldest of all—the 18th of the line. In 1684 'Lord Granard's Foot' was formed out of four independent companies, and in the Williamite wars it alone, of the then existing Irish formations, joined the Dutchman and fought for William at the Boyne and at Limerick; but it got its name, 'the Royal Irish Regiment,' by carrying Namur in 1695. Under Marlborough, the Royal Irish were at Ramillies, at Oudenarde, and in the bloodiest of all Marlborough's fights, at Malplaquet. That day, the British and Prussians were driving in the French left when Marshal Villars called on the body which had grown famous since Sarsfield led the Wild Geese from Limerick—the Irish Brigade of France. They, charging, drove back the advancing British, and the lines were terribly intermingled. Marlborough, watching, flung in his reserve, which included the Royal Irish. As this battalion came into the fight, an enemy regiment confronted them which had pierced clean through the battle and was now re-forming after the confusion of that advance. The Royal Irish, fresh on the field, crushed it with two volleys by sheer superiority of fire. It was the French Royal Regiment of Ireland.

The victors of that day were Irish Protestants. Up till 1770, theoretically no Irish Catholic was allowed to bear arms in the British forces. The wise policy adopted when the Highland regiments were formed was not extended across the Channel. But much infiltration was connived at, and necessity gradually secured recognition of the Catholic's right to serve. That necessity, however, did not become acute till the wars of the French revolutionary period. With them opened a new phase in Ireland's military history. The Irish Parliament had gained its freedom as a consequence of the American Revolution. It was a Parliament of the Irish Protestants only, but it was Irish, and when Europe was convulsed by the earthquake that began in Paris, this Parliament realised the necessity of extending liberty within its own borders. In 1793 the franchise was given to Catholics on a vast scale. Part of the reason for this liberality, and its reward, may be found in the fact that three Irish regiments date from that same year. Catholics were conciliated because Catholic soldiers were needed, and it is clear that for the moment the

sympathy of Catholic Ireland was attracted very actively to the side which opposed France. Two of these regiments, the Ulster Rifles and the Irish Fusiliers, are of those which survive; the third was the Connaught Rangers, with which I had the honour to serve in the war, and last April I attended a farewell dinner on the eve of its disbandment.

From 1793 onwards Irish regiments were a recognised and formidable factor in the British line. Ireland was in those days a land of rapidly increasing population, and, after the Union in 1800, of rapidly diminishing resources. The army drew off much of the surplus population: all British regiments had the Irish peasant in profusion. By the middle of last century, before the famine and famine-driven emigration swept away two million out of eight million of our people in two years, it was generally reckoned that half the British Army was Irish—that is, half the rank and file. The old Irish Brigade of France had ceased to be; its officers were all Royalist in sympathy. Napoleon got an Irish Brigade out of the rebels of 1798 and 1803, but it seems for the most part of its arduous career to have consisted of Poles officered by Irish. Throughout the nineteenth century, England was getting what France and Austria had profited by in the eighteenth. The Irish regiments in the British service were the true successors to the Irish Brigades of continental fame. Who shall recall the history of those regiments? 'The best soldier ever given to any nation was the Irish peasant,' said Sir William Butler; and though Sir William Butler, an Irish soldier and an Irish Catholic soldier, was not impartial, at least he knew what an Irish soldier was like.

I think it will not be denied that no regiment of them all was more characteristically and unmistakably Irish than the Connaught Rangers—though, oddly enough, the battalion in which I served consisted very largely of townsmen, Catholics from Belfast. But the two soldiers who stand out in my mind as most typical were Connaught men pure-bred, though both had put in some time as labourers in England. They were not the less typical for that. Modern Ireland is a country of peasant proprietors, and the man who owns anything in Ireland that can be called a farm is not going to leave it for foreign war: your Irish soldier of the oversea brigades, no matter in what service, is the landless man, the potential emigrant, very often the actual emigrant. The Connaught Rangers have always been recruited largely from the strolling class of tinkers who are Ireland's equivalent for gipsies.

One dame of this race had ten sons in the Rangers during the late war ; and these tinker-soldiers, a terrible trouble when the company was not in the line, were a focus of gay courage when it was. But my two typical Rangers were not tinkers but miners, and this made them priceless in a war of digging. Very many times I was asked to send in the names of miners for engineering work : it was a safer job, better paid, and I always told these two of the chance, but told them we could not get on without them ; and they always stayed, and apparently always wanted to stay. One of the two, Devane, was a big young fellow, yet not very tall : he weighed probably nearly fifteen stone ; he was the best sprinter and long jumper in the battalion ; and he was a lovely shot, much in demand as a sniper. He, as I found, was one of the legendary heroes among my company on their great day at Guillemont, from which I was far away. That was when they got for the first time into the open ; they had lost some 300 before they left the trench, but, as it was described to me, 'you would have thought it was boys hunting rabbits among the whins.' The Germans put up a good fight, though, and Devane became engaged in a kind of duel, each man in a shell hole, from which they flung bombs furiously at each other till Devane, his bombs exhausted, was seen pelting the German with great sods of turf. However, he bethought himself, and succeeded in making a detour to a position from which he finished his man, and went on to the next.

He lasted two years in France, and must have killed a deal of Germans before they killed him. I never saw a more equable human being or a more willing worker ; and I am sure that all his killing was done in a perfectly good-tempered way. The same type, provided with more brains and education, made our best non-commissioned officers ; and I doubt if better could exist.

The other of my two had nothing in common with Devane except his skill in mining : he was oldish, forty at least, he used to get drunk, and when drunk, he fought. He loved fighting as a terrier does, and when we practised bayonet work he flung himself into it with passion. Having fenced, I took on this side of the training myself, which perhaps endeared me to him, for he certainly liked me, and I him, though our relations were often trying. At last, when he was for the third time within a month sentenced for 'drunk and assaulting the guard,' I summoned him and declared I would have him put out of the company which he was disgracing. He answered indignantly that he could get no fair play, there was

a plot against him. I asked for evidence. 'Sure, sir, you heard yourself that Sergeant swearing it took eleven men to take me to the guard-room. Look at me now' (he was not a big man), 'how would that many get room to get their hands on me?' I suggested that perhaps indeed there were not more than six or seven employed on the job. He accepted it with alacrity. 'No,' he said, 'that would be the very height of it.' I promised to check the number carefully another time, but desired him to avoid another time—and perhaps he did, perhaps he did not. But it is a fact that when he got to France for the first period while I was in charge of the company, he never touched liquor; he took his war very seriously. Then I was called home, and somebody unwisely made him a corporal, which did not answer so well. Yet first and last he was a splendid soldier, and when at last a bullet got him in the thigh he wrote to me very cheerfully to say he had 'done in a good deal of them first.' He also was a legendary hero of Guillemont. The battle fury took him, and he was, they told me, literally foaming at the mouth before they went over. He and his bayonet had 'done in' more than one before the moment, on which legend centred, when he was chasing a young German boy who ran from him shrieking, while my warrior, still foaming at the mouth and looking, as he looked even at bayonet practice, like a wild boar charging, kept shouting, 'Put up your hands, you—adjective—noun, you're too young to be killed!'

Neither of these two was a professional soldier, and the professional soldier is the real man of the Irish Brigades—called out to a way of life rather than a war; a rover perhaps by nature, yet perhaps more often following an hereditary tradition. War times apart, in five cases out of six the Irish soldier is son or kinsman of a soldier; the Army is not a strange country to him. Are all these traditions, all these heredities going to die out?

Scarcely, I think. While Ireland remains within 'the association of nations commonly known as the British Empire' (to quote the words of the Treaty) all British regiments will be open to the Irish adventurer; and even if the Ulster Rifles, Irish Fusiliers, and Inniskillings shall go the way of the Dublins, Munsters, Leinsters, Rangers, and Royal Irish, there will still be the Irish Guards—youngest of Irish regiments, but since the Great War perhaps the most famous. No exploit in the whole story excited more enthusiasm than that by which Mike O'Leary won the regiment its first V.C. Those were the early days when the men on

both sides were picked and fresh, and O'Leary singly with his rifle put two machine guns out of action, killing their whole teams—eleven men. Probably sheer love of soldiering, an instinctive aptitude, had taken him into their ranks, long before the war was in sight; and the same cause will always draw others of the same type. I met one of them who interested me specially, for he had begun his career in the French Foreign Legion. He had seven years of that, thirteen with the Irish Guards, and he reported well of both services, and gave me the most interesting comparison of them that I have ever heard. A native Irish speaker from Galway, he had acquired Italian and German as well as French in the Legion; and after twenty years he was a private, and not anxious to be anything else; but a solid valuable soldier, as I learnt from his company commander, with brains as well as courage. He had seen many countries, peace and war, life and death; the like of him is never likely to be contented with taking his place in an Irish territorial battalion, for home service only. There will be enough of his like to keep the Irish Guards filled, if that corps proves to be indeed the last descendant of the Irish Brigades serving a State that is not Ireland.

Clouds are dark over us here, the future is dark. This only is certain: that Ireland at present has no care for what becomes of the units or the individuals who formed the last of the Irish Brigades that were seen in continental war. She is full of the exploits of those other soldiers of her own more recent adventures—soldiers who did all their fighting in Ireland's own shores. We who were of the European War had a notion and a hope that by taking our part in war overseas we might prevent war at our homes; and in that, anyhow, we failed, but the effort had not been small. Apart from the Irishmen—they were many thousands—who enlisted in units having no Irish association, there were the Irish Guards and the eight regular Irish regiments of two battalions each. Over and above these were the three Irish service divisions raised during the war and for the war. The Tenth began its service under the ill-omened suns of Gallipoli; and then went to scarcely luckier war in the snows of a winter campaign in Serbia before it was brought to France in 1917. There, since the autumn of 1915, Ulster's Division, the Thirty-sixth, and the Sixteenth Irish Division were engaged. These two divisions, one mainly Protestant, the other mainly Catholic, were studiously kept apart in their training, and when the time came for them to go into a general attack on

the Somme they were also remote from each other. The Ulstermen were in first, and on July 1, 1916, they went through, too far through; those on their flanks were stopped; and the Thirty-sixth Division had to lose as many men in withdrawing as they lost in their victorious advance. The opinion of their commander, as I heard it reported, was, that he said nothing against any other troops, but that he would always believe, if the Sixteenth Division had been on his right, Thiepval would have fallen. The Sixteenth Division took its turn later and, after its bloody but glorious experience at Guillemont and Ginchy, was sent to the Messines front, where, through winter and spring, it held the line next to the Ulstermen. Some of our Rangers at least were surprised to find themselves fraternising with Belfast Orangemen—but so it was. In June 1917 the two divisions raced each other neck and neck over the Wytschaete ridge: that was a day of complete success. In August they were together again in front of Ypres at Passchendaele, and that was a fortnight of sheer adversity. They had successes later in that autumn, but in the spring of 1918 both made part of Gough's unlucky Fifth Army, told off to the part of the line where the German onslaught was foreseen. It came with overwhelming weight of numbers and with fresh men against tired; for sixty days my own battalion had been in the line or in immediate support, never beyond rifle shot of the enemy. The Sixteenth Division was wiped out: the Thirty-sixth patched up somehow, largely with its fragments. But there were not a few men of my own company who, having come out with us in 1915, marched into Germany as victors before 1918 was out.

If we were the last of all Irish Brigades, at least it was no small quarrel we fought in. We helped to win the Great War; and of all troops engaged on the winning side, none I think got less satisfaction of their victory. For these conquerors, their own country had no welcome; for their heroes, and they were not few, no regard. Yet, before the justice of history, certain facts should be remembered. We had no conscription in Ireland: all who joined were volunteers, and their number is uncertain; but we have accurate figures for the count of our dead, whose names are being collected for the roll of an Irish National War Memorial. There fell in the Irish regiments and Irish Guards (not including the cavalry regiments) 33,074 men. The total of Irish dead in the British service so far obtained is 49,521: completed figures will probably reach 50,000. These include very few of the Irish-born

of Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand corps, whose records were not accessible; and they omit Ireland's contribution to the American army. Our part in the war was not the greatest; but beyond yea or nay we were in the war, from the beginning to the bitter end, and when peace came, we returned to a country where peace was not.

It is a hard thing for fighting men, trained to war, to find their own land committed to a warfare in which they cannot choose a side. That was the case of at least nine in ten among the ex-soldiers. 'Some few hundreds' (I take the estimate given by Mr. de Valera's organ) 'shouldered their rifles,' and went out to fight the British: the rest 'stood sullenly aside.' The less said about that period the better. But from the time when an Irish government was formed with admitted title to form an army for open warfare, the ex-service men were at their country's disposal; the Irish regiments were willing to be taken over in place of being disbanded. These chances were not accepted and the Irish State, even when in grave difficulties, thought it impolitic to call explicitly for the services of the men who had learnt war in a rough school. Yet, when civil war broke out, welcome or unwelcome, ex-soldiers and ex-officers pressed forward for enrolment. Some of them at least will become Irish soldiers in a new sense of the word and will be glad to accept it.

It would be absurd, in face of the casualty list, to say that the new Irish army has been tried high as a fighting force; but it has proved itself worthy to continue the tradition which, almost unwillingly, it accepts. The collars of its tunics are cut on the American pattern, dark green replaces khaki; but watch these men in green on parade, and you will observe them continuing punctiliously, even superstitiously, the parade traditions of those corps in which for the last hundred and fifty years Irishmen have found their chief field of military exploits. And those who watched them in action report of two things—their gallantry and their good humour. If they keep these, they keep what is most essential in the tradition of the Irish Brigades.

THE BEGGARS OF LONDON.

BY B. S. TOWNROE.

THERE is an interesting resemblance between the days, over a century ago, when Charles Lamb wrote of 'The old blind Tobits that used to lie in the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden,' and the present day when men in worn khaki uniforms beg in the streets. Elia's essay on 'A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis' was published at a time when the Napoleonic wars had not long come to an end, and London was infested with beggars. The first Duke of Wellington was so pestered by the innumerable mendicants who pretended to be discharged soldiers who had served under him that he took an active part in the London Mendicity Society, of which the present Duke of Wellington is President.

Some of the Iron Duke's officers were the members of the first Committee of the new Association, which had as its chief object the investigation of beggars and begging letters. An entry in the Duke's diary bears witness to the need of such careful inquiry—'was taken in by a plausible fellow whose respected beggings on supposed events in his family I went on relieving till some monstrous pretence showed it all to be a lie. What a wiggling I shall get from the Mendicity!'

Clearly at that time the Society was vigorously at work. It had its origin in a meeting held at the City of London Tavern on January 5, 1818. This meeting had been summoned by means of an advertisement which appeared in *The Times* and *The Chronicle*, signed by 'Philanthropos,' the nom-de-plume of Sir William Bodkin. Three days later at the Crown and Anchor Tavern the association was formed to combat 'the alarming prevalence of mendicity in the Metropolis.' H.R.H. the Duke of York was the first Patron, the Duke of Northumberland the first President, and among the Vice-Presidents were the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Earl of Dartmouth, Earl Brownlow, and Lord Lilford; a Lieutenant Gordon, apparently one of Wellington's officers, acted as honorary secretary. Under such auspices was

born the Mendicity Society, still housed in Red Lion Square, dealing with similar post-war problems, the oldest Society in existence in London for discriminating between the professional mendicant and the genuine individual that needs help.

At its commencement Charles Lamb was not kindly disposed to the idea, and he refers in his essay to the 'all-sweeping besom of Societarian Reformation.' 'I do not approve,' he writes, 'of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusade.' But the experience of over a hundred years proves that he was wrong and that the Duke of Wellington, who subscribed annually fifty guineas to the Society, was right, if private generosity is not to be imposed upon by the cleverness of rogues.

The history of the Society since those early days mirrors on a small scale the changes in social conditions during the nineteenth century. In its earliest years much of its activities was concerned with the fraudulent ex-Service man who talked glibly of the Peninsula and the battle of Waterloo, but had never been out of the Metropolis, and never donned a red tunic. Those were hard times, however, for the collapse of British trade following the defeat of Napoleon was almost more sudden than it has been since the ex-Kaiser fled to Holland in 1918. At Swansea in 1818 six out of seven people were paupers, and the rates were a guinea in the pound. Even those who were employed found it difficult to exist, for an able-bodied man in Essex, for example, engaged in agriculture, could only earn sixpence a day, while wheat cost four to five pounds a quarter. In 1819 the Ayrshire weavers earned on the average 2s. 7d. per week, for even those most regularly employed were only working fourteen to sixteen hours during a week. Inevitably this industrial depression and widespread unemployment produced a crop of beggars in the streets of London, just as it is doing in 1922.

But the social conscience of the nation was much less developed then than it is to-day, and the Mendicity Society found itself, almost single-handed, working with painstaking care to ensure that private charity was not frittered away into useless channels. Sir William Bodkin, uncle of the present Sir H. Bodkin Poland, K.C., was mainly responsible for its foundation and firm establishment in London, and for obtaining a long list of subscribers headed by the Royal Family. This tradition has been maintained by Queen Victoria, King Edward, and by His Majesty King George V, who is the Patron of the Society, and an annual subscriber.

A study of the old yellow minute-book, written up in neat handwriting, and of the quaintly composed annual reports, reveals the details of a few of the cases investigated which throw a light on the post-war troubles after Napoleon had retired to St. Helena. 'J. H.' had been a seaman for twelve years, and was discharged from the Royal Navy in 1815. But the overseers refused him relief on various quibbles, and only food and lodging from the Society saved him from starvation. A still harder example of the State's neglect of her Trafalgar heroes was that of 'J. W.,' a Welshman, who, after service at sea for nearly twenty years, supported himself precariously by making and selling detonating balls. He had claims upon the Admiralty for both wages and prize money, but he could obtain no satisfaction from the Georgian bureaucrats, until the Society took up his case and promptly recovered £30.

As a contrast to the genuine cases there is the case of a young man of eighteen with only one leg. He declared that he had lost the other at Salamanca. Evidently he was a genial soul, for investigation proved that he had expended nearly thirty shillings out of his street earnings on Christmas Day in treating his fellow-lodgers to drinks. But he had never been in either the Army or the Navy, and was punished as a gross impostor.

A wife of an officer who had held a commission in the First Regiment of Horse applied for help in 1819. He had been obliged to sell his commission in order to satisfy an engagement that he had entered into with a friend who had absconded. The ex-officer had taken an usher's situation in a school at Bath, and wanted his wife and daughter to come to him, but had not the money to pay for the coach fares. Unexceptionable references were given, and the Society provided the fares and enabled the family to reunite.

Naturally the work of this Society excited public interest, and reference to it may be found in an operatic extravaganza produced at the Adelphi, entitled 'Tom and Jerry, or Life in London.' This was the predecessor of the modern revue. One scene showed the slums in the 'Holy Land,' a district at the back of St. Giles. Jenkins, one of the characters, thus discussed the Mendicity Society with his friend 'Creeping Jack':

'The Mende-city Society—I believe they call themselves—have kindly purwided a friend for us gemmen; so, if anybody offers you less nor a mag. or a deuce, vy, you may say with the poet, "who vou'd his farthings bear, ven he himself might his quietus make with a bare Bodkin?"'

The records of the Victorian age prove to be equally full of both tragedy and comedy. One old man in 1840 asked for two pounds to save him from the indignity of having his wife buried by the parish; but references to previous letters filed away showed that he had already acknowledged the burial of fourteen wives! Another ingenious beggar was responsible for over a hundred letters signed by different names and written with the fertile imagination of a popular novelist. Sometimes these letters were illustrated by the photograph of a daughter and an aged mother for whom he was seeking admission to a convalescent home. Comparison showed that, while the handwriting was the same, the photographs were so different that his mythical family could be numbered by the score.

Such letters must have been profitable. The records show that their writers, although they served terms of imprisonment, always returned to their lucrative calling, and in the peace of their homes wove imaginary misfortunes. The epitaph of many of the correspondents whose letters are held by the Society might well be that quaint verse written on a workhouse wall:

'Here lies a poor rogue who was always so tired,
For he lived in a world where too much is required.
Friends, grieve not for me that death doth us sever,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.'

Such impostors as those described are still being discovered by the Society, but this is only a small part of the work. Idle vagrants have been prosecuted. Infants hired out for begging purposes have been properly cared for, and children begging in the streets have been sent to industrial schools. The magistrates continue to use constantly the information provided by the Society's officers and records in dealing with beggars brought before them. The Society's constables are enrolled by authority of the Home Secretary with the Metropolitan Police, thus forming an almost unique example of official and voluntary effort co-operating for police purposes. Throughout the century police officers have constantly called at the office to search the records.

In order to try to prevent any honest man suffering hardship while his case is being investigated, books of food tickets are issued to subscribers, each of which will provide three-pennyworth of refreshment on presentation at various coffee-houses, and any number can be given to one man. In such cases the beggar who

receives the food ticket may be asked to give his name and address, so that his case can be thoroughly investigated. If he turns up his nose at the suggestion, the charitable may be fairly certain that he is driven to begging more by desire than necessity.

The cry of the beggar never ceases, and unfortunately the number of frauds does not decrease. Mrs. Gladstone visited the Society in 1842 and listened to the examination of numberless cases of poverty. She wrote afterwards in her diary: 'Out of thirty cases, only one, in all likelihood, will turn out true.' Eighty years later, in 1921, out of all the cases investigated, 20 per cent. were really deserving of benevolent sympathy, and the remaining 80 per cent. were bad.

At the office in Red Lion Square there is a little museum containing examples of the stock-in-trade of street beggars that have been confiscated on their conviction. Here is a crutch left behind by a lame man who fled precipitately when a constable was about to arrest him. There is a crudely painted picture of an operating theatre showing a man having his tongue cut out. This particular mendicant carried with him by the side of the picture a bottle containing a tongue supposed to be his own, but on investigation it was found to be that of a sheep.

The war and the industrial slump have to-day increased the wave of mendicity, but crude methods are being abandoned and public sympathy touched by much more subtle means. Despite the millions spent in unemployment doles and in outdoor relief, despite the generous war pensions and the efforts of many ex-Service charities, a walk through the principal shopping centres of London to-day is rather an ordeal for anyone who feels for the man holding out matches or grinding out an organ or singing raucously, especially if he wears war medals, honestly gained or not, on his chest. The army of mendicants in London is growing, but the response of the public is waning. This is shown by the fact that in 1919 the total amount received from authorised street collections was over four hundred thousand pounds, but last year the total fell to one hundred and forty-four thousand.

As street collecting is proving less lucrative, the skilled beggar is again relying more on the written appeal. His letters are becoming more subtle and are chiefly notable, not for absolute inaccuracies, but for half-truths. The typical begging-letter writer explains all his troubles in great detail, but is silent as to his assets. Within the last few months one begging letter was traced to a man

who was earning three hundred pounds a year. Another still more curious case was that of a woman whose husband is a solicitor with an income of at least six hundred pounds a year. She wrote a very plausible and well-educated letter explaining that she had two children to clothe, that they were feeling the cold of the winter, and that her husband was an ex-officer. These statements were perfectly accurate, but investigation proved that probably the woman was acting without the knowledge of her husband, and that, having spent the money provided for the children's clothing, she was trying to make up the deficiency.

The Mendicity Society recently discovered the case of a man in a recognised business in London who employs two clerks and a typist in his office. Whenever business is slack he spends his time in writing specious appeals addressed to well-to-do people in Mayfair. Another man was so clever with his story that he even misled Captain D. C. Medley, the Society's experienced secretary. By producing authoritative documents he managed to obtain his fare to a provincial town, and only afterwards was it discovered, too late, that the story was false, and that the documents had been stolen.

In the spring of 1922 a lady whose husband was a highly placed officer killed at the battle of Jutland received a most pathetic letter from a woman who declared that her husband formerly served under this officer when he was commander of a ship in the Mediterranean. All the details with regard to the name of the ship and the dates of its movements were accurately given. The writer of the letter, a 'Mrs. R.,' stated that her own husband had died two days before, that the funeral would cost £10, and that his insurance money only amounted to £8. He was to be buried two days later, and the woman asked for the remaining £2 in order to make up the money, 'as I am quite alone in my distress.' The money was sent to Mrs. R. and an acknowledgment asked for. As this did not arrive, investigation was made by the Society. It was then found that the address given was that of a newsagent's shop. A different child called for the letters at regular intervals, but Mrs. R. herself had never been seen by the proprietress of the shop. There was no record of a Mr. R. having died in that locality for months past, and Mrs. R.—no doubt an assumed name—was quite unknown to any of the local undertakers.

Another case that occurred in North London was that of a well-spoken man who arrived on a Saturday afternoon at a house

and told an elaborate story that he was a master at Manchester Grammar School up for the week-end with his wife, and that his pocket had been picked. On the alleged ground of mutual friendships in Manchester, he asked for his fare so that he might be back to take the fifth form punctually on Monday morning. After examination he was given the money. A few days later Scotland Yard was consulted, and it was then discovered that this man was wanted for a variety of frauds. An amusing incident in his career was his release from a convict prison during the war in order that he might join the Army. Although his criminal record was given to the recruiting officers, he was actually placed in the Army Pay Corps! From there he vanished, leaving a debit balance. Such a man had brains and eloquence enough to secure him a good living in almost any walk in life, but the charitable public will be glad to know that he has now been convicted and is not due out of prison until 1926.

Beggars, whatever their ability, appear, in fact, to be incorrigible, and their growth has been to some extent encouraged by recent legislation. In the Middle Ages the monasteries made mendicancy almost a sacred calling. Later begging became a legal offence punishable by whipping, or even by branding. To-day the amount of State and municipal help given has so enervated the weaker individuals in our civilisation that they are apt to turn to begging as the easiest and most profitable way of existing without doing any real work.

Those who have had long and practical experience of this complex problem of London beggarmdom believe that mendicancy may be prevented, but cannot be cured, by means of any State nostrums. Sparta tried to obliterate it by rigid discipline, and America by Republicanism. Nevertheless, 'sponging' has defied both State action and inaction. The spirit of self-help and self-respect can alone prevent a man, except in abnormal crises in his life, asking strangers for money, but careful investigation may decrease the wastage of private generosity upon knaves.

THE DIVERSIONS OF DAWSON

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

II.—THE MILL BY FAWLEY CREEK.

THOUGH our first run of liqueur whisky in petrol tins had concluded in the safe harbourage of Happy Day's cellars in Southampton Park, there had been moments of agitation. Dawson, in manner characteristic, repudiated my claim upon him for ten Treasury notes lost to me in terms of his wager. He duplicated the parts of judge and defendant and held : (1) That there had been no hitch ; (2) alternatively, if there had been a hitch, that he himself had unravelled its complexities so that it did not count as against him ; (3) that he was not going to pay anyway. It was evidently impolitic to press my claim further, though I did hint pretty plainly that Dawson had saved his cash at the cost of honour as between fellow-smugglers.

Happy Day's twenty-foot yawl *L'Innocence* had served us so well upon her first venture in criminality that during the next three weeks or so we permitted her the unblemished enjoyment of her chaste name. We cruised down the coasts of Brittany and Devon, exploring the recesses of Roscoff, Cawsand Bay, and Salcombe Harbour, and recalling amidst these classic scenes the scandalous exploits of long-dead free traders. We made one long innocent cruise of it, instead of two short ones as had originally been planned, and revelled in the glorious summer weather of that tropical *annus mirabilis*, 1921. Happy Day, the chief proprietor of the two-hundred-year-old wine and spirit business in Southampton, our aider and abettor, supplier of marine transport, and receiver of smuggled goods, served us up food for thought. Upon our first run of cargo his sobriquet had been as appropriate to him as the name of his yawl had been incongruous for her, poor dear. But during these three weeks of Brittany and Devon he had become moody, pensive, and irritable. Something, it was plain, preyed upon what he owned of mind. He was rich, he was free, he possessed a bonny yawl, he was a freeholder in Southampton and a bailiff in Guernsey. To born vagabonds, such as Chief Inspector Dawson and the present writer, he seemed to be of all

men the most utterly to be envied. Wealth, youth, and freedom he had, those three divine gifts ; while we were middle-aged, poor, and tied by unbreakable chains of untoward circumstance. Yet while we revelled in every minute of the hot, blazing days and the cool, comforting nights of that cruise in the Narrow Seas of our maritime ancestors, Happy Day became more and more moody, pensive, and irritable. We were soon to learn what ailed him. It was, of course, an intrusive woman.

One evening, towards the end of June, we pulled up to our moorings in the Test by Marchwood. Dawson and I remained on board, but Happy Day excused himself. He declared that the confinement of the yawl irked him ; that he purposed to dine that night with friends in the garb of genteel convention. We, who were content to relieve our grubbiness of skin by a naked plunge into the sea, marvelled at his keenness to resume the trammels of civilisation. He left us still marvelling.

When next morning he returned, disaster fell. I scented peril to our conjoint enterprises in the air of him as he came over the side. Happiness had resumed her throne ; he exuded an unholy joy in some new life which was not our life. Presently the worst was revealed to us. After dinner overnight—that dinner with ‘friends’ for which he had hungered—Happy Day had become engaged to be married. For the moment we saw no threat in a mere engagement—it was the kind of misfortune from which we ourselves had suffered more than once in the remote past—but presently the distressing implications of Happy Day’s engagement were made known to us. His future wife was that inconvenient being, ‘an angel,’ and he must needs be worthy of her. It was in vain that I pointed out the glaring objections to any foolish essays in ‘worthiness.’ I observed that Dawson and I had been married for long years, and who, knowing our merits, would hardily contend that we were unworthy of our wives ? As husbands of surpassing worthiness we were fit candidates for the Dunmow Fitch. But it was all wasted upon Happy Day : his engagement was too recent, and too unlike any engagement that had ever fallen upon man since the world began. He must instantly abandon all thought of smuggling and return to the dull paths of virtue as a duty-paying wine and spirit merchant.

It was not easy to extract from him particulars of the occurrence of the disaster. It was his pressing desire to paint for us in glowing colours the physical beauty and dazzling intellect of the beloved

object. 'She is the most wonderful girl in all the world; I can't imagine what she sees in me.' It was our desire to learn how untimely he had been caught. Facts slowly emerged. It appeared that he had loved the lady for years; that she had rejected—or, rather, paltered with—his addresses. He had gone a-cruising with us to get her image out of his mind—or, maybe, to give her a rest to think upon what she was missing. When, after four or five weeks of absence afloat, he had returned—at and after that fatal dinner—she had received him, not with a pointed, repellent lance, but with a silken landing net. Dawson laughed bitterly—which was scarcely tactful. He observed grimly that Happy Day's absence had made the lady reflect that, if she did not grab him quick on the first occasion which offered, he might yet escape. The relations between Dawson and Happy Day stretched to breaking point.

I interposed soft words between these two who glared hostility and meditated a physical contest upon our narrow deck. 'Let be,' said I. 'Shut up, Dawson. You are no longer a damned fine imitation of a gentleman; you are nothing better than a coarse Marine sergeant.' Dawson shut up like a clasp-knife. His wrath switched from Happy Day to me, though he said nothing. I went on speaking softly. 'I congratulate you, Happy Day. Marriage is an honourable state, though it can pall a bit at times. You are occupied with your business by day, but you will find the winter evenings most damnably dull. Never mind, you will become used to them and to lots of other matrimonial disabilities. I perceive that you love the lady; go on loving her, in God's name, for it is the one thing which makes life worth living. The children will find the yawl's bulwarks too low for safety: you will have to rope the little beggars to the rail. But proceed upon your chosen road. Still, at this moment of supreme exaltation, think upon us. We, the three criminals, had purposed to make another trip to Guernsey and thence to bear towards your cellars in Southampton another cargo of fifty petrol tins filled with liqueur whisky at thirty over proof. To me it seems that our beloved scheme is blown to fragments. If we employ your yawl, though you yourself be absent in amorous dalliance, we shall compromise your virtue and your "worthiness"; if we draw upon your Guernsey vats for the whisky which has never paid lawful duty we shall compromise you still more; if, finally, we run our cargo into your admirable cellars we shall complete the compromise and, maybe,

shove you with ourselves into the dock. For us the risk is sport ; for you, in your present mood of virtuous reformation, it might turn to a vicarious sacrifice. Speak plainly with us and let us know the worst.'

Happy Day broke into eager expostulations. He had no thought to inflict his joy upon us to our detriment. He would charter the yawl to us in legal form at a price which we need not pay. For a brief spell *L'Innocence*, sweet name and all, would be ours to compromise as we pleased. He would be protected by the charter-party. He would give us an order for a hundred gallons of liqueur whisky upon his agents at Guernsey. Again a lawful price would be inserted in the contract of sale, though he would never call upon us to pay it. Finally, he would harbour our smuggled goods in Southampton, though in this he would be accepting risks unworthy of a man newly engaged to an 'angel.' Dawson hereupon muttered that a draught or two of the liqueur whisky might render her less remotely angelic. Day frowned. 'Prudence,' growled he, ('Prudence'—oh! fatal name,) 'does not drink whisky. In her divine presence I am almost ashamed of my two-hundred-year-old wine and spirit business.' 'You will find her willing enough to draw the boodle out of it,' grunted Dawson. It was plain that Dawson and Day could no longer live together in perfect amity.

We fixed up a contract on the lines suggested by Happy Day, and then the ardent lover left us. As a companion he had become impossible. Since that day he has married, and our old friendship has been restored. But for a while he was frankly impossible. It must be allowed in justice that he treated us with a generosity which approached the reckless; yet we desired to see his happy face no more.

A shadow had fallen over the yawl. The pair of us could sail her, when it came to sheer sailing, but it had to be admitted that a crew of three was much to be preferred to one of two. We should be burdened with an excess of watchfulness, and whenever the breeze stiffened into a gale the personal risks would become oppressive. In a small yacht manned by a crew of three one may fall overboard without hazard: the other two will readily come about and pick him up. But with a crew of two, when one falls the other is wellnigh helpless to aid him. There is no spare hand to put forth the dinghy or to throw a line. We decided that at night, and by day when the weather was at all dirty, we must wear life-

saving waistcoats and be perpetually roped to the yawl. Such restrictiveness irked our high spirits. And then there came to us all those other inconveniences which attend short-handedness : cooking and washing up, and cleaning the auxiliary motor engine, and handling the petrol tins when empty and when full. The small burdens of life aboard would oppress us. Yet never for one moment did Dawson or I think of abandoning the enterprise. Happy Day had effectually stopped that. I must in candour admit that after that first successful run, at the end of which our criminality was proclaimed to the air by the delicate aroma of our whisky-filled petrol tins—until Dawson smothered them in greasy paraffin—I had been content to call the second venture off. I do not ask too much of Fate. But no sooner had our plans been queered by Happy Day's lamentable excursions into love-making than I burned with ardour to continue. So it was also with Dawson. We, middle-aged married men maturely experienced in the obtrusiveness of women, would not permit ourselves to be interfered with by a wretched slip of a girl. Happy Day had said nothing of her age, but we were convinced that she was no better than a flapper. No grown woman would permit Happy Day to think that she was an 'angel.'

And so rather sadly we set forth upon our final adventure. The yawl was ours by charter-party. The expenses were paid in advance by Day. He equipped her and provisioned her for more weeks than we were likely to be out days. He lavished his wealth upon us—in our sombre view, repentantly. Already, to our eyes, he wished himself one of us. Afterwards I learned that his beloved lady, ignorant of the excursion upon which our perfidious bark was bound, had offered the hideous suggestion that she should make a fourth in the party. Picture to yourselves a small yawl peopled by a flapper and three grown men, two of them chaperons to a pair of lovers ! Even if Happy Day had not perceived the manifest impossibilities, the mother of the lady must have interposed an effective veto. At our departure I softened towards Happy Day : he had, in the furnishing of the yawl, brought forth some of the fruits of repentance.

We had no occasion to grumble at the weather. It was wholly perfect. At the opening of every day we watched a perfect dawn, and at the close of every day we revelled in a perfect sunset. We had never an hour of sticky calm. During that admirable July the tropical season held, and with it a firm breeze from the east or

west of north. We took the wind on our port or starboard quarter in the going out, and upon our port or starboard bow on the return. We sailed at our ease, making the breeze fair to us. The handy yawl rig—surely the deftest contrivance of the maritime evolutionary mind of man—gave us no trouble at all. *L'Innocence*, dear misnamed thing, with her short, light spars and her trimly cut canvas, sailed like the great sea-bird that she was. We loved her, and yet I could not banish from my mind a slight load of apprehension. My woe may have been purely physical. We slept in brief snatches, and though both Dawson the police officer and Bennet the hardened journalist could, from long habit, sleep at any time anywhere, upon this trip, it must be allowed, we fell short of a sufficiency of rest. Gradually it came home to both of us that we were not so young or so care-free as we had been.

Our reception at Guernsey broke like a dash of cold water upon our faces. No longer were we the guests of a bailiff of St. Peter Port, and of the chief proprietor of Messrs. Day and Company. We were intruders with an order upon the ancient cellars of the firm for one hundred gallons of their precious liqueur whisky. The local manager eyed us with suspicion; he could not repudiate the signed order of his far-distant employer, yet he made the discharge of it offensive to us. He commissioned his head cellarman to keep watch upon our movements, and this mercenary minion stood always beside us as we filled our petrol tins at his bounteous vats. He begrudged every drop that we drew; he measured out our allotted quantity with meticulous precision; and when we drew to the last gallon he did not fail to acquaint us of the circumstance. There had been overflowing generosity in Southampton, but at St. Peter Port we were held to the rule of strictly business measure. This routine of watchfulness made us aware of our pitiful insignificance; it made us feel woefully small as we trudged to and fro bearing two petrol cans apiece, now empty, now filled. The cellarman asked no question, but we could see that he regarded us as no better—and maybe much worse—than we should be. At the close the manager demanded of us an explicit receipt. 'All this,' remarked Dawson gloomily, 'will add long years to our sentence should we happen to be caught. The evidences of deliberate premeditation are being piled up. The cold eye of that cellarman was the eye of a hanging judge, impartially ruthless. Let us get away to sea as quickly as we can and come to the finish of this ill-omened job.' With Dawson, I

fear, it was no longer the softest job that ever was. To a lonesome pair, bereft of the countenance of Happy Day, the rough way of transgressors had become as hard as broken granite.

We plucked up our spirits when again at sea. The fifty tins, well filled, were under our feet. Already we had wiped away every trace of over-slopped whisky and bestowed upon the sides of the tins a precautionary flick with the paraffin rag. There was not a hint of betraying aroma to the half-century of them. The remainder of our task should have been easy, for Day's cellars in Southampton awaited us, and his vans were ready to serve as accessories of crime. No speck, no forerunner of calamity, appeared above the northern horizon towards which we sped. We did the return journey in long stiff legs, so as to make the wind most fair to the yawl's favoured points of sailing. She never failed us for a moment, the darling. It was no fault of hers that when we made the jaws of the Solent early one forenoon the breeze had freshened to half a gale out of the north-west. It was starkly impossible to sail the yawl up Southampton Water against a head-wind and with no room to tack, and even with the auxiliary motor in action we could make no progress when the tides ebbed. 'Do you know this coast?' asked Dawson—'really know it, I mean?'

'As intimately as any pilot,' I declared. 'We will turn into Fawley Creek beyond Calshot. A fine, desolate spot, designed by Nature for the likes of us. It has been shaped to the urgencies of smugglers from time out of mind, and will serve snugly again now. We will put in at Totland Bay and wire for a van.'

This we did, tying up at the pier. I despatched a wire, hinting at the cause of our change of plan, and giving Happy Day an ample margin of time for the sending of a motor van to the head of Fawley Creek.

Then we pushed off, and with the fine stiff wind upon our port beam sped merrily along the fairway of the Solent. Many yachts, much bigger than our little *L'Innocence*, were already out—gay, harmless yachts unburdened by care and fifty petrol tins of smuggled whisky. It seemed to my premonitory sensibilities that our criminal purposes were already proclaiming themselves to all law-abiding men. What in thunder were we, the police officer on leave and the vagabond journalist, doing in that galley? What call had we to indulge in modern days the instincts which we had inherited from justly punished forefathers? And to our secret crime we had added effrontery as we spanked up that glittering stretch of

the Solent, flanked on both sides by peaceful villas where pale whisky was humbly bought at twelve and sixpence a bottle, including a duty paid of eight shillings and fivepence-halfpenny. I had become an adept in the calculation of duties since I embarked with the professional Day upon the troubled seas of crime.

We came to anchor under shelter of Calshot, forbearing to round the point until close upon sunset. I had appointed for Happy Day's van an hour (in summer time) after sunset—evil-doers dread the light of early afternoon. We set the motor going, for Fawley Creek with its narrow channel and steep mudbanks is no fit place for sails, and under bare poles worked about Calshot Castle. The tide, happily, was near the flood. I could get in, and if need be get out, without overstraining my skill in pilotage. Getting in offered no difficulties; we brought up near the old mill at the head of Fawley Creek at the moment when the precious van ought to have been standing by for our arrival. There was light enough by which to see it, but no trace of it rejoiced our eager vision. I suggested that the van might be in the wide space behind the mill, where the steep road debouches upon a forgotten quay, and offered to go ashore and find it. Dawson gloomily assented. 'If it is not there we are done brown,' said he.

I pulled ashore in the dinghy: I had no more than a few yards to go, and it was a waste of effort to start the always reluctant Evinrude.

The van was not there. There was no sign of it on the hill, though half-way up appeared the red tail-light of a waiting car. I walked up. The light was that of an empty private car standing by a neat villa. A boy of sixteen or so, clad in rough longshore rig, had been upon the quay when I landed. He followed me up the hill. To my question he replied that he had seen no motor van. I bore the news of my ill success to Dawson, and together we colloqued upon the yawl's deck. Should we lie in Fawley Creek waiting with ill patience for the wind to drop or to shift out of that evil north-western quarter? Or, failing that, what should we do?

Dawson, always a man of strenuous action, scoffed at a course which involved waiting. 'I run smaller risks than you do,' said he. 'For one thing, I have more brains, and my experience is infinitely greater. I will get up to Fawley, where, as you say, there is some sort of a village. I will hire a bike with lamps and ride forthwith to Southampton. There I will raise a motor van—not one of Happy Day's, curse him!—and be back here by dawn. The

distance round by Totton and Redbridge is less than twenty miles. I can do it in a couple of hours, even in the dark. You must get out at once while the water serves.'

I was aghast at such a plan, and bubbled over with objections. 'What will be the use of a van if I go out with the cargo of petrol tins? And how can I go out all by myself? It takes two at least to handle the yawl.'

For reply Dawson called to the boy in longshore rig, who appeared through the gloom upon the bank beside us. 'Can you help, boy, to sail this yacht up to Southampton?'

'Like a bird!' shouted the boy. 'But that yacht of yours won't get to no Southampton to-night.'

'We can but try. Come aboard of us.'

He pushed off in the dinghy and returned with the boy. 'Are you quite mad?' I inquired angrily. 'You have always told me that the avoidance of accomplices is the secret of successful crime. And now you have added to our complement the worst possible accomplice, an inquisitive, talkative longshore boy!'

'Needs must when the devil drives,' said Dawson easily. 'Our position is just desperate. We require the boy to help land the cargo and store it in yonder deserted mill. We need him, too, to help you get clear in the yawl. This is my hand, and I play it alone. Once you are clear off with the boy, and my van comes at dawn and whisks off those perilous tins, we are all safe—you and me and Happy Day. The evidences of our crime will be hidden. But just now they shriek to heaven.'

We had spoken in whispers out of earshot of the boy, who was busy peering into the bowels of the engine. Dawson had a plan, while I had none, and so he dominated me. Yet still, when I reflect upon those hectic moments in Fawley Creek, I feel convinced that all would have been well could Dawson have studied patience. We could have lain in harmless security in Fawley Creek for a week if need be. His landing of the illicit cargo was utter folly. Yet he would have it so, and the boy and I lent our aid.

Then Dawson vanished running up the hill. 'If you cannot find a bicycle shop, try the postman!' I cried after him. Years before, to my knowledge, the postman of Fawley had dealt in bicycles; he might yet remain in being, for postmen do not die.

I got back to poor *L'Innocence*, now once again innocent below hatches, and backed out of the creek. It was tricky work. But the boy, who knew every inch of his native waters, steered, and

I felt sheltered by his manifest competence. As soon as we had gained sea-room outside we wore the yawl, ran back to Calshot, and came to anchor once more under the lee of Eaglehurst.

And so ended my part in the second and final enterprise. The boy declared that the wind would shift at dawn. Obediently to the behest of its evident master, it did. We then made sail, and, catching one of Southampton Water's many convenient flood tides, we ran up to our old moorings by Marchwood. I rewarded the boy handsomely and told him to run away and play—which apparently he did, for I neither saw nor heard of him more.

And Dawson, speeding on his hired bicycle through the darkness towards Southampton? And the fifty petrol tins, smelling of filthy paraffin without and of the choicest liqueur whisky within—what of them? For the rest my authorities are partly Dawson—the prison warder who was present at our interview turned a discreet and distant back—and partly the evidence delivered at the magisterial inquiry. At the assizes no evidence was offered, for Dawson—under the style and title of Mr. Cholmondeley Jones, journalist and author—stoutly pleaded 'Guilty' to the offence of smuggling. I have material sufficient to complete the tragic tale.

It was a chapter of accidents. The reader will remember the red tail-light of a private car which was standing half-way up Fawley Hill at the door of a neat villa. That intrusive private car was the villain of Dawson's piece—at first quite innocently. The owner, accompanied by a lady friend, emerged from the villa, entered the car, and stamped upon the starting pedal. The engine roared, but within a minute petered out. This happened three times. It then occurred to the motorist to inspect the petrol tank with a flash-lamp. The tank was blankly empty. There was no prospect of supplies nearer than Fawley itself, which lay beyond the summit of that dour, steep hill. Just then a passer-by declared that at the bottom of the hill there was an alehouse whence a can or two might be obtained. The car was backed down the hill and the alehouse explored. No petrol appeared. Then it was that the motorist, desperately traversing the quay with his flash-lamp, smelled paraffin, and, following the scent with his nose like a dog, penetrated the recesses of the mill. There before him lay fifty immaculate sealed cans just as they had been set down by Dawson, the boy, and the writer half an hour earlier. With a howl of joy the starving motorist fell upon them. To the objection of his lady friend that the tins were none of his he speciously replied that he

would steal no more than two, and would leave the money for them conspicuously behind where it could be discovered by the unknown owner of the hidden store. Which he did, and proceeded to fill his petrol tank.

I picture to myself, in the silent watches of the night, this motoring stranger, whose nose was of preternatural acuteness, beginning to pour from a can the ill-flavoured spirit of Mr. Shell or Pratt, and suddenly awakening to the exquisite aroma which it surprisingly gave forth. He called, in a voice shaking with emotion, for the cup of a thermos flask. He filled it from the can, he drank of it, his lady friend drank of it, together they gave thanks for the bounteous gifts of Providence—and then, together still, began to wonder how fifty petrol tins containing liqueur whisky at thirty over proof came to lie on the floor of a deserted mill by Fawley Creek. Doubtless a millionaire might propel his car by means of liqueur whisky at thirty over proof, yet doubtless no millionaire would stoop to a sacrilege so monstrous. Imagination boggled at the problem. In the end the motorist left his lady friend—to sup deeply of the whisky should she so desire—he climbed that arduous hill, he made Fawley and a telephone box, and thence rang up the Central Police Station at Southampton. He was instructed, in the name of the Law, to stand by those fifty petrol tins—of which one by this time lacked something of its full content—and to await the arrival of a Customs launch. And so while Dawson, upon a hired bicycle, toiled towards the hiring of a van, and I lay in security in the lee of Eaglehurst, a launch with an armed party on board sped down the Water and penetrated Fawley Creek. The officials of the outraged Law entered the mill and took possession of our illicit cargo of petrol tins.

So that when Dawson arrived at break of dawn in his motor van he marched, all unsuspecting, upon his fate! It was a melancholy ending to a gorgeous adventure.

The absence of the necessary and urgently summoned van upon our arrival in Fawley Creek was due to no fault of the man Day. My telegram had been addressed to his private house, and he had been absent all through those precious hours, engaged in amorous dalliance. That flapper of his was the plain cause of Dawson's lamentable arrest. I feel that I shall never love her. Day was as sincerely distressed as was I at the woeful termination to the second run of cargo. I suspect also that he did not share my unshakeable faith in Dawson's staunchness. Yet he had nothing

to fear—except perhaps from that boy. Dawson gave no assistance to the authorities. For them the fifty tins charged with liqueur spirit might have fallen from heaven, so mysterious was their sudden inexplicable appearance on the floor of the mill. Our yawl had been seen by no one—except, again, by that boy. Why did not the boy, in the heedless fashion of male adolescence, give us away? I cannot tell. He may have been robbed of the wealth which I had bestowed upon him, and knocked on the head. He may have been a ‘real sport.’ He may yet appear before me as an infant blackmailer. Still, up to the present he has offered no sign of his continued existence on earth, and I am afraid to go to Fawley Creek to look for him.

Dawson, who pleaded ‘Guilty’ at the Winchester Assizes, was sentenced to three years’ imprisonment under the name of Mr. Cholmondeley Jones, journalist and author. That was less than three months ago as I write now. He, whose true identity had been detected by his finger prints, set three months as the extreme limit of his enforced detention. By that calculation he should be nearly due to ‘come out.’

I am sitting in my office within a quarter of a mile of New Scotland Yard. A messenger enters; the crown upon the lapels of his jacket proclaims his royal servitude. He speaks respectfully: ‘A gentleman wishes to see you, sir.’

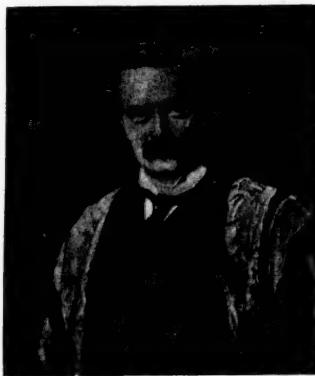
‘Who is he?’ I inquire.

The man reads from a card held in his hand. He hesitates at the name inscribed upon it. He pronounces it diffidently as it is spelled:

‘Mr. Chol—mon—de—ley Jones,’ says he at last.

BOOK - NOTES

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN has challenged Mr. Bonar Law to disavow a pamphlet on Foreign Policy, issued by the



THE RT. HON. MR. LLOYD GEORGE

Unionist Headquarters. The source of origin and justification of this pamphlet is contained in "that cowardly and dishonest book" which Mr. Chamberlain also invites Mr. Bonar Law to disavow, entitled *OLD DIPLOMACY AND NEW*, by Mr. A. L. Kennedy. This question of our foreign policy, it need not be said, is one of the hour, and should be read and studied at once.

DR. GORE, who is, without doubt, the leading figure in the Church of England to-day, understands the spiritual needs of the moment and has the gift of writing so that the plain man may read. *BELIEF IN CHRIST* is the title of his latest book—just published. It combines clear reasoning with a well-built logical argument, and, therefore, appeals to scholars as well as to the generality. As the *Church Times* says, "He helps us to see things as they really are."

THE PRIME. MINISTERS OF BRITAIN is a book still greatly in demand, especially now when we are agitated by elections and other things. Mr. Clive Bigham's able biographical sketches of the thirty-six Prime Ministers range from Sir Robert Walpole to Mr. Lloyd George. Each chapter is prefaced with an introduction showing the general political tendencies of the epoch. As the *Daily Chronicle* has truly said, "Seldom has so vast a field been exploited with such selective skill and impartial judgment." The book is in its second edition.

BOOK-NOTES

PERMANENCE, as well as excellence, should be the essence of the ideal gift, and there is nothing, therefore, so appropriate



ROBERT BROWNING

as the works of a poet whose influence is uplifting, stimulating, and lasting. THE WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING are issued in various forms, but none is quite so desirable as the eight-volume edition, in a case to match the binding. Browning's poetry lives, and is an unfailing inspiration to the heart as well as to the mind.

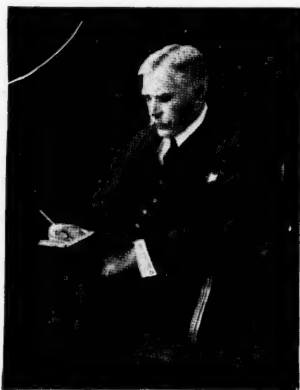
THE many people who inquired for Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's *FRIENDS IN FEATHERS*, whilst it was being reprinted, will be glad to know that copies are available again. In describing the book, the author writes: "Here are birds playing, singing, courting, nest-building, showing fear, anger, and greed plainly on their faces. This volume represents the hardest and most difficult field-work I have done."

LADY JERSEY'S book, *FIFTY-ONE YEARS OF VICTORIAN LIFE*, was issued a few days ago and has already brought delight to a large number of readers. Judging from her recollections, the long skirt and crinoline and the other conventions of the 'Victorian Age' did not retard the progress of their wearer nearly as much as one is generally led to believe. Lady Jersey moved in brilliant circles both in this country and abroad. She visited France, Germany, Greece, India, Egypt, Syria, China, Japan, Italy, Canada, and Australia—where she lived for three years, her husband having been appointed Governor of New South Wales. Most of the celebrities of the age were well known to the writer of this brilliant book, and many of them enjoyed the hospitality of her famous mansion at Osterley.

THOUGHTS of Christmas conjure up to most of us a vision of a fireside easy chair and the right kind of book. Admirably suited to this purpose is Mr. Weyman's new romance, *OVINGTON'S BANK*, which deals with the great bank panic of 1825, when the commercial class was rising to power and ousting the landed gentry. The publisher must have had a gift book in mind when he designed the volume, for it is handsomely produced—not the least of its attractions being a coloured frontispiece by C. L. Cary—and will no doubt be greatly appreciated by the recipients of such a Christmas present.

BOOK-NOTES

IN the same category, although the subjects are diverse, are the Collected Edition of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Poems, and Mr. A. C.



A. C. BENSON

Benson's new anthology, *THE REED OF PAN*, consisting of epigrams from the Greek, translated into English lyric verse. Mr. Benson is to be congratulated on having sufficiently recovered his health to produce another book for the delight of his great following.

PRAISE has been so liberally bestowed by the Press on the improvements made in the volumes of Murray's Fiction Library that further comment is unnecessary. A new series, under the general title, *THE CONAN DOYLE STORIES*, was added to the library a short time ago—*TALES OF TERROR AND MYSTERY*; *TALES OF ADVENTURE AND MEDICAL LIFE*; *TALES OF TWILIGHT AND THE UNSEEN*; *TALES OF THE RING AND CAMP*; and *TALES OF PIRATES AND BLUE WATER*. The sixth volume, *TALES OF LONG AGO*, is ready, and completes the series.

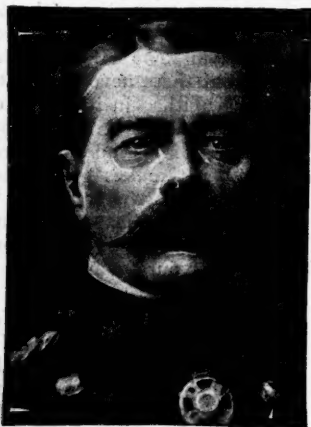
THE continuous demand for Mr. William Radcliffe's *FISHING FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES* endorses the critics' first opinions. "There have been a vast number of books on fishing before," said Mr. Horace Hutchinson in *The Westminster Gazette*, "but there never has been one like this, either in its scope or its achievement. It is the most complete thing of its kind that I have encountered. It makes good reading withal, for the writer brings to the saucing of this dish of learning and inquiry a whimsical humour which gives savour to all."

A BUSINESSLIKE method for collecting valuable material for one's reminiscences is revealed in the recently published *PRIVATE DIARIES OF SIR ALGERNON WEST*. Mr. Gladstone, for whom Sir Algernon acted as deputy Prime Minister, said to the diarist: "As for Margot, I told her a long story about Peel, and then within two months she wrote and asked me to tell it all to her again." Sir Algernon, with admirable discretion, "refrained from remarking that her memory was good, for her anxiety was, of course, to get it in his own handwriting."

THE difficulty felt by teachers and students in colleges and schools and by the general educated public interested in scientific questions of keeping in touch with all the modern developments of science was successfully met by the issue of *SCIENCE PROGRESS* some sixteen years ago. Under the editorship of Sir Ronald Ross, it continues to fulfil admirably the object for which it was founded. It is published quarterly in January, April, July, and October, and the annual subscription is 25s. 6d., including postage.

BOOK-NOTES

SCARCELY any recent volume has called forth more criticism, kind and unkind, and stimulated more discussion than Lord Esher's



LORD KITCHENER

TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER. The book is founded on the author's diary, and throws light on some of the questions raised in the minds of his contemporaries by that gigantic figure of history. Kitchener's friends have stoutly defended him, others have sought to excuse him. The book is now republished, with a New Preface, in a cheap form—at 2s.—so that an infinitely wider circle of readers may be able to form their own conclusions as to its qualities.

THE "Author's Complete Edition" of Mr. Stanley Weyman's works has been reprinted in good time for the season of gifts and kindness already upon us. The twenty-one volumes are printed on thin paper and are delightful to handle. As to the charm of the stories—"good wine needs no bush." THE GREAT HOUSE, issued three years ago, is included in the edition.

20

AMONG other contributions, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for January will contain the following:

A LETTER FROM THACKERAY, relating his connection with the family of General Webb, the hero of Wynendael, whose exploit is described in "Esmond," together with the alleged treachery of his commander, the Duke of Marlborough.

THE LEGION'S ROAD TO RIMINI, by Major-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., a moving study of old soldiers, broken in the wars, and the recurring types of them, each with his story, to be seen in Chelsea Hospital and elsewhere.

SOME MEMORIES OF A SCHOOL INSPECTOR, which will stimulate thought as to the present possibilities of education.

A further story, by Bennet Copplestone, in the series, THE DIVERSIONS OF DAWSON.

PIERRE DE L'ESTOILE, by Maurice Hewlett—sidelights on Paris and its Court from the chronicles of the late 16th century.

These books are published by MR. MURRAY, and may be obtained from any bookseller. Mr. Murray will be glad to send his QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW BOOKS to any reader of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE on request being made to him at 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1.

ns, THE
NE for
lowing :
RAY, re-
e family
hero of
loit is
together
of his
Marl-

RIMINI,
George
C.S.I.,
of old
rs, and
n, each
Chelsea

SCHOOL
simulate
possibili-

Bennet
s, THE

Maurice
is and
of the

by MR.
d from
y will
Y LIST
of THE
request
marle